ay 24, 1993 49145 $2.95 Vol. 45 No 10

BLONDE VENUS — page 58

The Clinton Presidency—What Went Wrong

NATIONAL REVIEW

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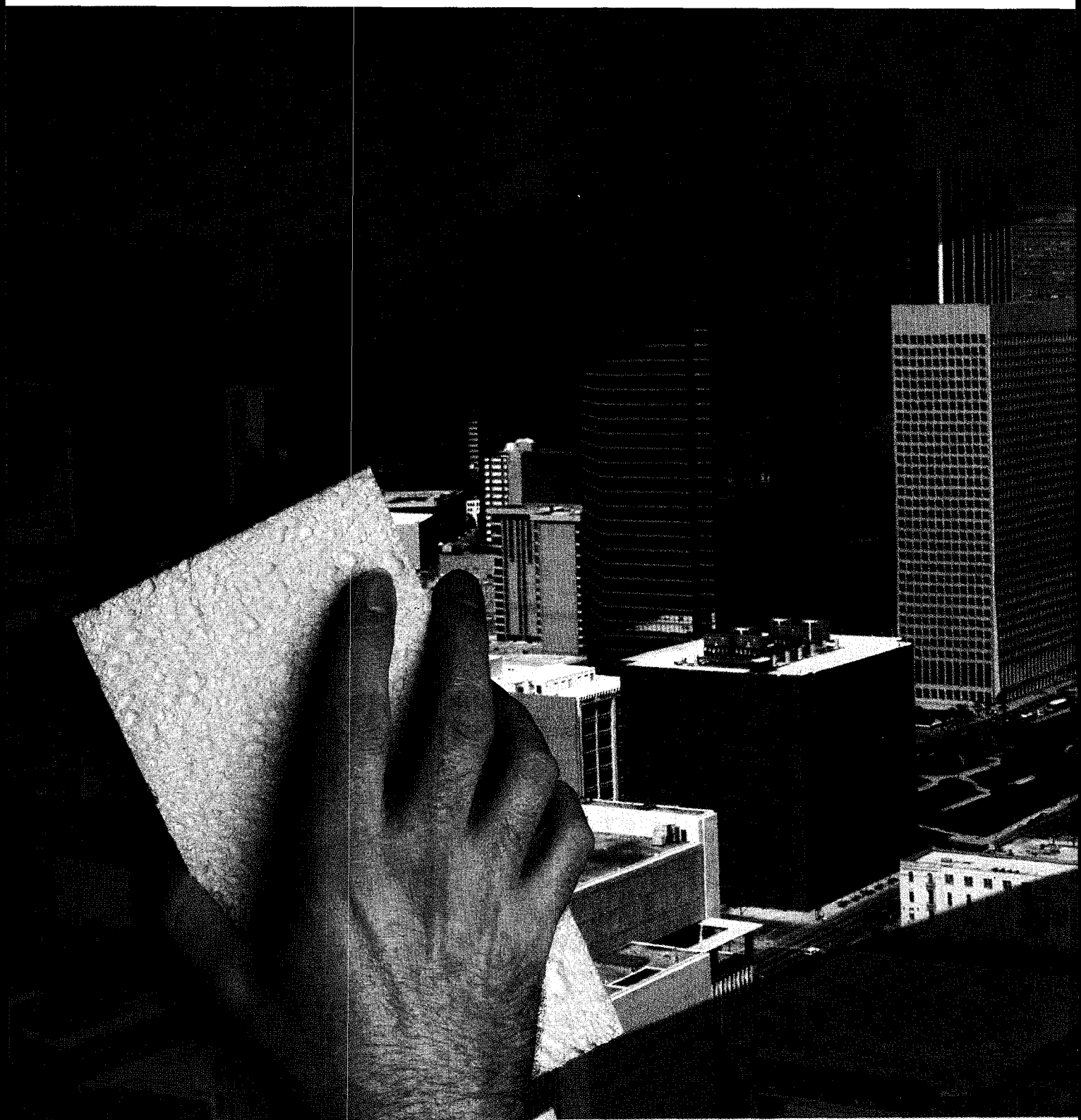

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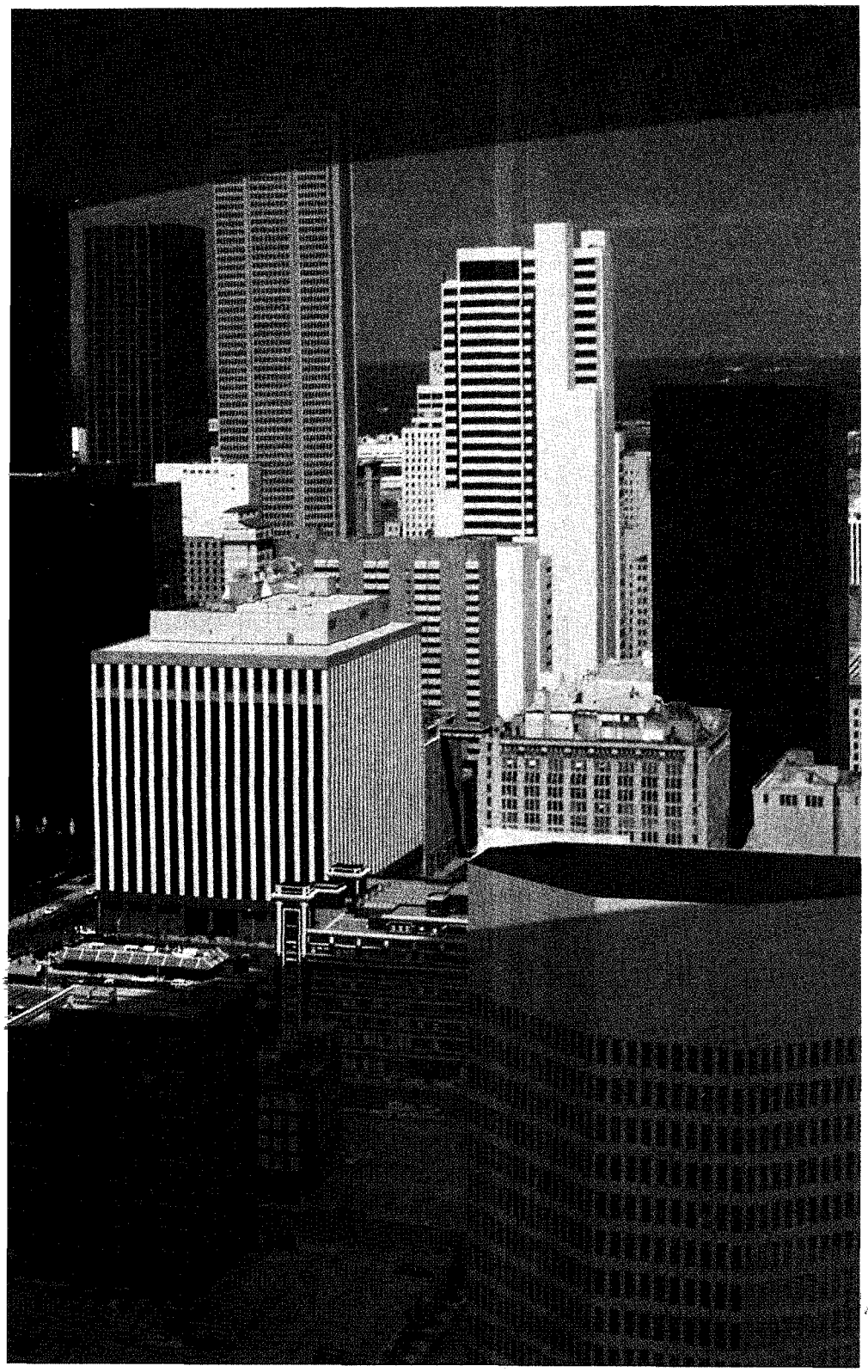
Don't you wish we could just do this to CFCs.



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NATIONAL REVIEW

MAY 24, 1993 VOL. XLV, NO. 10

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NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. ©National Review, Inc., 1993. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P.O. Box 96639, Washington, D.C. 20090-6639; phone, 301-350-7258, Monday–Friday, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Eastern time. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile. Direct classified advertising inquiries to: Classifieds Dept., National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016 or call 212-679-7330. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P. O. Box 96639, Washington, D.C. 20090-6639.

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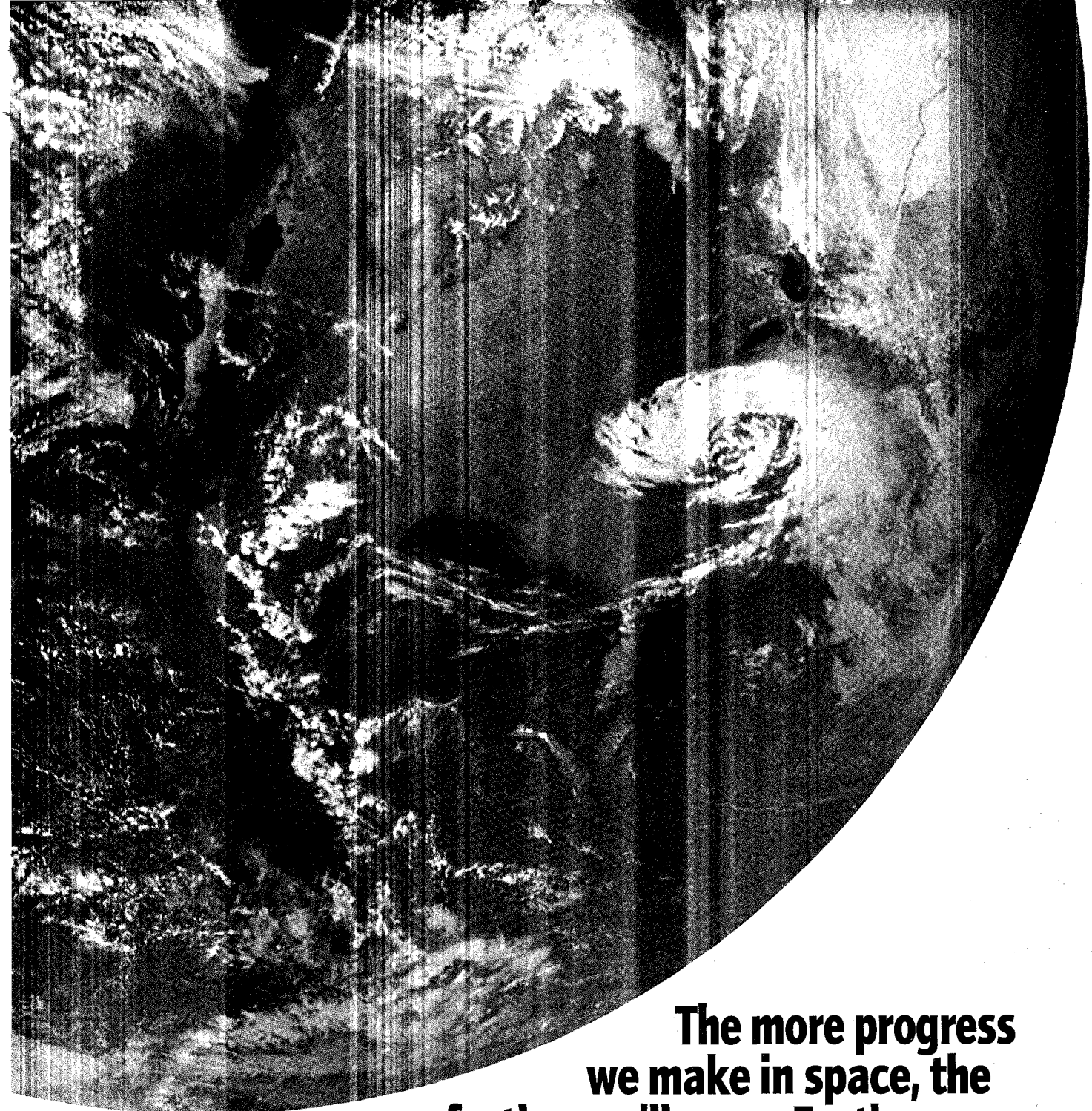

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LETTERS

United States of Nature

I strongly disagree with your argument in "Factions and Conflagrations" ["The Week," April 12]. You object to "mitigating circumstances" being taken into account in the shooting of Dr. Gunn. You also make the point that abortion "is not murder in law, while killing Dr. Gunn was murder in law." With these statements you have justified the worst genocidal murders in the history of mankind. You have absolved Stalin, Mao, Pol Pot, and Hitler with one stroke of the pen. All their crimes against the human race were done under the law.

You call on the high liberal tone of "civilization" to remedy this problem, and it is here that you err. We do not live in a civilized society. No matter how many times you repeat that mantra, the historical evidence clearly shows us to be a murderous society. Abortionists are murderers and should be tried and punished accordingly.

Robert A. August
Ingleside, Ill.

Mr. August wants abortionists to be "tried and punished," but trial and punishment presume an order of law. The regimes of Stalin, Pol Pot, etc., were not government under law but despotisms in which law was no more than the whim of those in power. Despite the monumental injustice of the unlimited abortion license, the American regime is and, please God, will continue to be, one of government under law. Underlying Mr. August's complaint is the conclusion that the American constitutional order is not morally legitimate. We do not share that conclusion and have good reason to resist it, not least for the sake of achieving legal protection for the unborn. —ED.

Science before Ideology

Conservatives need to underpin ideology with science or we'll never have a credible strategy for addressing environmental problems. I'm surprised that Angelo M. Codevilla trashed *A Fierce Green Fire* by *New York Times* reporter Philip Shabecoff [April 12] then relied on science reports from the *Times*. This compounds other misleading information in his review.

Take dioxin. Conservatives love to say it has turned out to be harmless. That fits the ideological dislike for government regulation. The facts don't fit so well.

Scientists now agree that while it may not be "the most lethal substance ever produced by man," it is a strong toxin. In very tiny doses dioxin and dioxin-like chemicals produce a variety of changes that effect sugar metabolism and the immune-system response.

Dioxin and similar chemicals are part of a chemical soup that our cells live in. It is impossible to say one chemical in the soup causes a disease. So for conservatives to exonerate all chemicals or a single chemical with a clear cellular effect but an unclear whole-animal effect, is foolishness. Codevilla is typical of many conservatives in overlooking such interactions as well as two other important factors.

When Codevilla says that in June 1981 the *New York Times* reported that "Love Canal, perhaps the nation's most prominent symbol of chemical assaults . . . has had no detectable effect on the incidence of cancer," he shares in the *Times*'s naïveté. Carcinogens typically have long latency periods—for dioxin-like chemicals, about twenty years. Perhaps few or none of the Love Canal chemicals cause cancer, but neither the *Times* in 1981 nor Mr. Codevilla today can come to that conclusion with any certainty or prudence.

Some toxicologists, including scientists at the EPA, want to change the way we assess and regulate risk. They propose that we look at groups of chemicals and at total body burden and match these to the level at which health effects begin to show. And perhaps we might also consider on what portion of the population the health effects begin to show.

The choice is between the liberal attack on technology and science, and an honest acknowledgment and assessment of risks. Conservatives have yet to incorporate the second choice in our ideology and propose rational policies. Science has given us the tools to do it. Let us not share the same anti-technology bias that wrecks so many liberals on the shoals of

(Continues on page 67)

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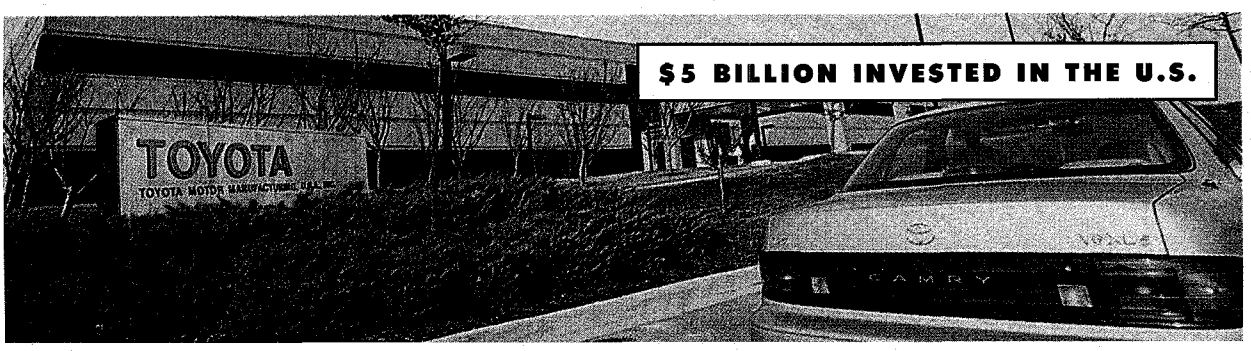
ECONOMY



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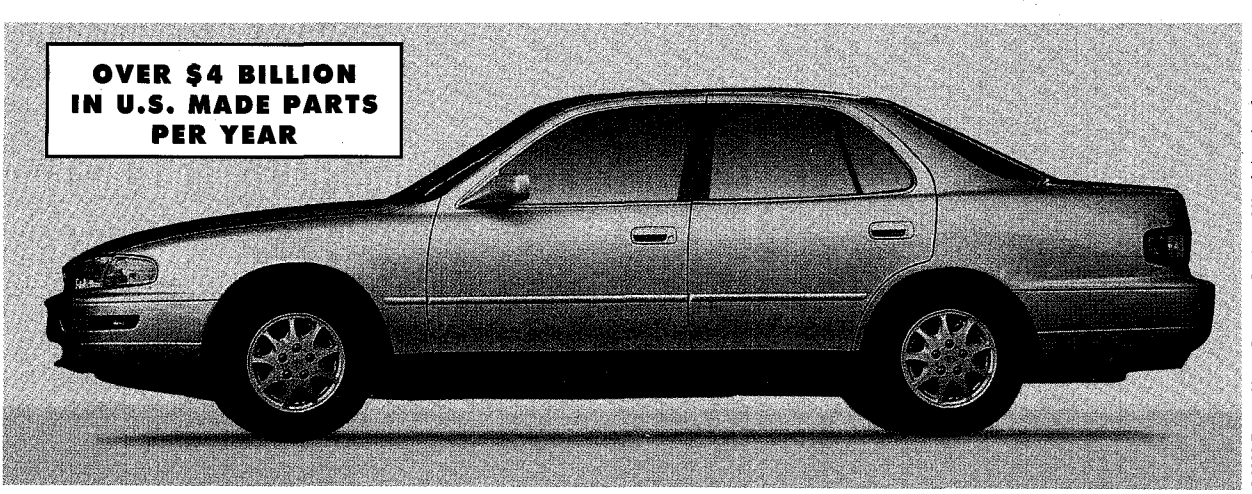

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Issue date: May 24, 1993
Print date: May 5, 1993

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FROM THE EDITOR

O'Sullivan's Second Law

■ Comments on President Clinton's first hundred days—which by now must fill a small encyclopedia—generally cite Franklin D. Roosevelt as the man who pioneered the concept of the Hundred Days as a dramatic start to his new Administration.

The real inventor of the concept was, of course, Napoleon. And the Hundred Days refers to the dramatic, action-packed start of his second administration, which began on his return from Elba and ended at the Battle of Waterloo.

I hope that finally lays the phrase to rest.

■ An English friend has just sent me a 79-page book of instructions, published by the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries, and Food, on how farmers can apply for aid under three of the European Community's subsidy schemes. It is a rich source of bureaucratic bafflegab and, if this were a rational world, its purpose could only be to discourage farmers from applying for subsidies. Here is one of its livelier passages:

> If you are claiming only Beef Special Premium and/or Suckler Cow Premium *and* are exempted from the stocking density rules, you need not submit an area aid application. You are exempt from the stocking density rules if your total number of Livestock Units (LUs) is not more than 15. This total is based on any milk quota you hold on April 1, 1993, sheep on which you have claimed Sheep Annual Premium in 1993, and cattle on which you are claiming Beef Special Premium or Suckler Cow Premium in 1993. Further details of the calculation of stocking density and LUs are set out in paragraphs 44 to 57 of the explanatory booklet "CAP Reform in the Beef Sector." *You will, however, need to submit an area aid application if you wish to claim extensification premium* (see paragraphs 58 to 61 of "CAP Reform in the Beef Sector").

And remember there are 79 pages of this sort of thing.

The British press is full of scornful attacks on these symptoms of creeping officialdom. This probably helps to keep at least some check upon it. But the American media, being ideologically sympathetic to regulation, very rarely highlight its absurdities, let alone its injustices. (CBS's *60 Minutes* is an occasional exception.)

So NATIONAL REVIEW will keep a watch on the dottier aspects of maladministration. If readers would send me examples of bureaucratic folly, similar to the British example above, I will try to let the light of day shine in upon them.

■ I was flattered to discover that in his syndicated column, George Will had approvingly quoted O'Sullivan's First Law: "All organizations that are not actively right-wing will over time become left-wing." Indeed, he demonstrated its application to several organizations, broadening it somewhat to apply it to the Clinton Administration's trade policy: "Administrations that do not favor free trade as a matter of principle will become protectionist by inertia and conviction."

I am absolutely sure that Mr. Will is right to see the wider application of my law. Indeed, having just returned from England, where I saw an avowedly Conservative government in action, I am tempted to coin O'Sullivan's Second Law: "Some organizations that *are* avowedly right-wing become left-wing over time." Let that be a warning to you.

■ I am delighted to welcome two new Contributing Editors. Steve Markman, formerly assistant secretary for judicial affairs under President Reagan, will greatly strengthen our legal commentary; and Larry Kudlow, chief economist for Bear, Stearns and another graduate of the Reagan Administration, will bring a knowledgeable Wall Street perspective to our economic and financial coverage. Two more worrying prospects for Bill Clinton at the end of his first hundred days.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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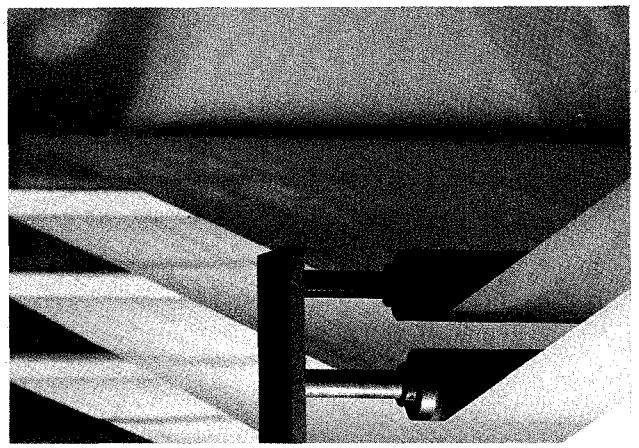

Electric ultraviolet technologies expedite the drying of ink on paper.

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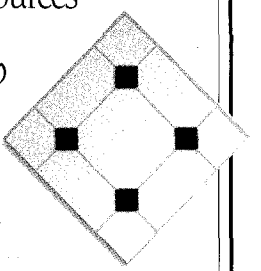
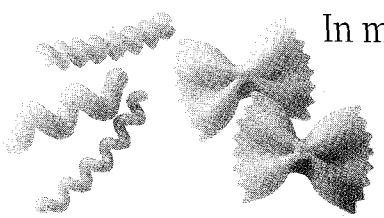


The building industry uses electric technology to harden the coats of no-wax floors.



Producers of such foods as pasta gain in speed and quality from electric microwave drying processes.

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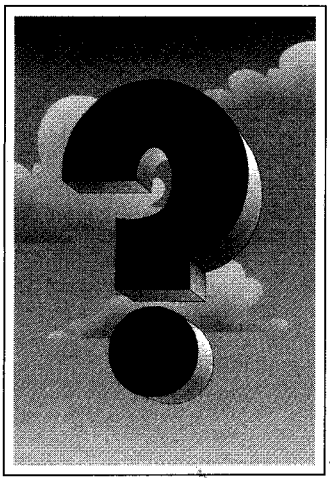
PERHAPS THE ONLY UNIVERSITY THAT REALIZES MOST 18 YEAR-OLDS HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THEY WANT TO DO WITH THEIR LIVES.



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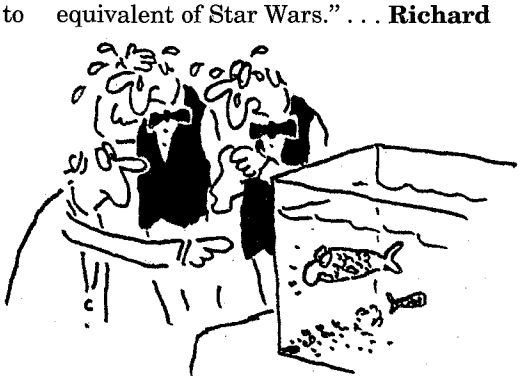
FOR THE RECORD

■ Dole on a roll? Glowing from successful filibuster of spending bill, Senate Minority Leader **Bob Dole** is signaling that GOP may be able to stop President **Clinton**'s tax package in Finance Committee. If all 9 committee Republicans stick together, he would need to peel off only one of the 11 Democrats. Sens. **David Boren** (Okla.), **John Breaux** (La.), and **Kent Conrad** (N.D.) are considered possibles to jump off the donkey. However, GOP leaders **Thad Cochran**, **Trent Lott**, and **Phil Gramm** are urging committee to allow tax proposals to reach Senate floor so Democrats would have to put their votes on record. . . . Talking about 1996 presidential contenders, Dole told Cook County (Ill.) Republicans in April: "We'll all be out there." . . . Battle for GOP gubernatorial nomination in N.J. has moderate **Christine Todd Whitman** still ahead of fellow moderate **Cary Edwards** and conservative **Jim Wallwork**, despite feeding her "elitist" image by, among other bungles, getting extension on tax filing till after primary day. State committee, meanwhile, is raising funds for November race against incumbent Democrat **Jim Florio**; phone number: 800 BURY JIM. . . . At press time, Wisconsin race to fill vacated House seat of Defense Secretary **Les Aspin** appears headed for recount—Democrat **Peter Barca** up by 600 votes over conservative Republican **Mark Neumann**. . . . A letter from postmaster of U.S. House to Rep. **Chris Smith** (R., N.J.) says 1.25 million postcards have been received opposing Freedom of Choice Act. . . . Some 75,000 copies of **William Bennett**'s Index of Leading Cultural Indicators have been ordered, making it more successful than any other Heritage Foundation publication. . . . **David Brock**'s *The Real Anita Hill* (Free Press) is #7 on **Waldenbooks** sales list and #5 on May 2 *Washington Post* bestseller list.

■ A group of GOP Hill staffers points out unfortunate consequences of meeting Mr. Clinton. On February 5, Clinton met with Canadian Prime Minister **Brian Mulroney**, who announced his resignation three weeks later. On February 8, he met with Turkish Prime Minister **Turgut Ozal**, who died in April. On February 11 he met with French President **François Mitterrand**, whose party suffered a humiliating defeat in March. . . . Vice President **Al Gore** refused to attend Ozal's funeral, arguing that's not what he was elected to do. . . . Meanwhile, in background of front-page *Washington Post* photograph of two policy wonks poring over documents in some executive-branch building were portraits of Bill Clinton and *the First Lady*. White House Credit Union has also replaced stern Al Gore with smiling **Hillary Clinton**. . . . At farewell reception at Pentagon for Lt. Gen. **Martin Brandtner**, Joint Chiefs Chairman **Colin Powell** toasted former Defense Secretary **Dick Cheney** by saying, "Welcome back, boss," sparking long, unanimous burst of applause. . . . Texas Rep. **Dick Armey** on President's $7.4-billion plan for national service: "It would be cheaper just to buy students a new car for graduation." . . . House Ways & Means Chairman **Dan Rostenkowski**, whose committee will play critical role in passage of a Clinton health-care package, said the proposal "amounts to the domestic equivalent of Star Wars." . . . **Richard Stearns**—Oxford classmate of Clinton's, **McGovern** campaign worker, and Massachusetts superior-court judge—is being touted as FBI director if current director, **William Sessions**, either steps down or is removed. . . . **Evans & Novak** report that **Ronald Reagan** could have appointed successor to Justice **Byron White**. Friends of White told chief of staff **Howard Baker** in 1987 that White would take FBI directorship if offered unconditionally. Instead, Baker asked if he would like to be considered in the usual way, to which White had to reply no. . . . **Michael Blumenthal**, Treasury Secretary under **Jimmy Carter**, is number one on list to be ambassador to Germany. Blumenthal and his family fled the Nazi regime there in 1939.



"Could you choose another fish, sir? We've grown rather fond of that one."

© Matt, *Daily Telegraph*, London / Rothco

■ Official publication, *Peking Review*, says theories of **Deng Xiaoping** have "answered the fundamental question of how to build a modern socialist country in China." . . . Chinese government arrested over forty political dissidents in 1992, according to Asia Watch. . . . **Vu Huu Ngoan**, deputy director of the Marxim–Leninism Institute in Hanoi, says: "I don't believe the doctrine has collapsed; on the contrary, the collapse of [the European Communist bloc] proves that the principles are right and they applied them wrongly." Institute has recently added **Ho Chi Minh** to its name to clear up any misunderstanding. . . . Japanese Prime Minister **Kiichi Miyazawa** and Australian Prime Minister **Paul Keating** found common ground at their meeting in Canberra—both attacked Bill Clinton's trade policy. Australia, one of few countries that have positive trade balance with Tokyo, has recently replaced U.S. as Japan's number-one meat supplier. . . . Emperor **Akhito**, on rounds of apology-making for his father's regime, was first emperor to visit southernmost island of Okinawa to apologize for its bloody and useless defense against invading American forces in 1945.

■ Your son or daughter made the honor roll? Well, a New York department store is advertising The Sterling Silver Condom Case—"a safe gift idea for recent graduates, old friends, and those you care about." Only $395.

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THE WEEK

■ What do the following have in common: the *Titanic*, Bill Clinton, the *Hindenburg*, Donna Shalala, the *Morro Castle*, Robert Reich, the *Andrea Doria*?

■ At the White House Correspondents' Association dinner, President Clinton offered his suspicion that Rush Limbaugh had defended Janet Reno's handling of the Waco cult only because she had been attacked by a *black* congressman, viz., John Conyers of Michigan. Get it? Rush is racist! As it happens, Mr. Limbaugh was defending her even before Representative Conyers told her off. We wouldn't presume to ask that Mr. Clinton tell the truth, but—stick to breaking promises, Bill.

■ Secretary of Defense Les Aspin has announced that women will immediately begin combat aviation training, and legislation will be sought to permit the assignment of women to combat ships. Each one of the service chiefs flanking Mr. Aspin at his press conference had, not so very long ago, emphatically opposed putting women in combat. Air Force Chief of Staff McPeak had repeatedly expressed his own discomfort at the prospect of "old men sending young women to war." But now that the wall has been breached, Mr. Aspin has ordered the ground-force chiefs to examine their services' restrictions on the assignment of women in order that "opportunities" (to kill and be killed) be created for female soldiers and Marines. In the midst of the present force reduction, several hand-picked female aviators will now "leapfrog" over six hundred male pilots awaiting advanced training. Hey, at least they're not commercial.

■ The job of peacekeeping in Somalia was formally turned over to the UN on May 4. Of the 25,800 U.S. troops sent there, 4,000 are left—3,000 providing logistical support and 1,000 as a strike force for emergencies. They will remain, nominally, under a Turkish UN commander but in reality—we strongly hope—under U.S. control. Operation Restore Hope lived up to its name, bringing stability and hope to a desperate land. The great dangers predicted did not materialize. We congratulate our armed forces, our diplomats—and President Bush.

■ Bruce Bartlett, who served in the Reagan Treasury, has been taking a look at the Clinton Administration's failed $16-billion "stimulus" plan. In a paper for the Institute for Policy Innovation in Texas he points out that the average cost of stimulating a job under the Clinton scheme is $89,000, whereas the private sector creates jobs at an average cost of $34,000, so a "stimulus package" of tax breaks would do much more for jobs than the federal spending that the President proposed. Mr. Bartlett also dug out a report signed by none other than the current Secretary of the Treasury, Lloyd Bentsen, back in 1980 when he was chairman of the Joint Economic Committee of the Congress. That report said that public-works spending was "ineffectual" and "destabilizing"—among other reasons, because by the time the economic downturn is recognized, legislation proposed, debated, and passed, and money actually spent, the recession it is supposed to counter has long since disappeared, and the spending merely fuels an inflationary trend. The Bentsen report said the government should eschew attempts at "fine-tuning" and concentrate on removing obstacles to long-term economic growth. Comments Mr. Bartlett: "This was good advice then and it is good advice now; too bad it seems to have been forgotten."

■ As presaged in our last issue ["The Week"], the gold market is gamboling again—up some $20 in the last half of April. Simultaneously comes more news of firming industrial prices, a stronger CRB index, and an apparent hesitation in the pace of the cyclical economic upswing that was not in time to rescue the Bush Administration. It's still too early to say that inflation is returning. But the May 10 *Business Week* featured on its cover a story by its very conventionally minded economics editor, Michael J. Mandel, hailing inflation's end. This excited attention on Wall Street, where a trend's appearance on a *Business Week* cover is traditionally if unfairly regarded as an indication that it has come to an end. If that's so, as the latest news seems to suggest, then the Clinton Administration's room for politico-economic maneuvering is rapidly running out.

■ Quick! What country has launched the most ambitious and potentially important market reforms in the world? The answer is India. The only thing more sacred

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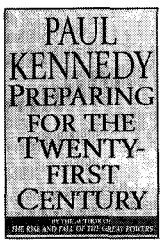

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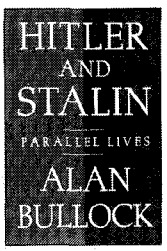

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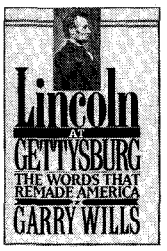

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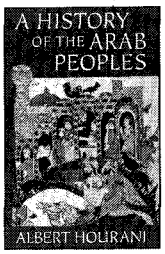

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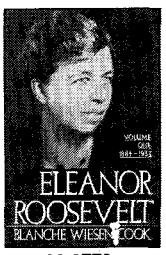

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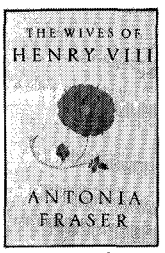

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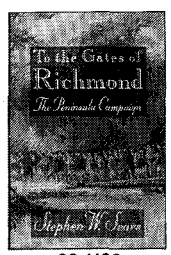

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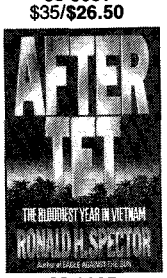

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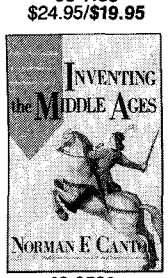

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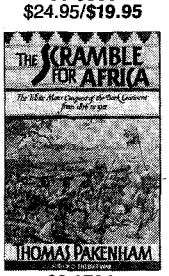

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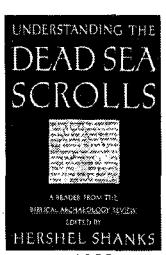

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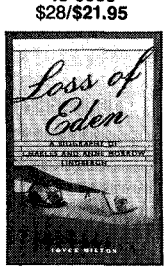

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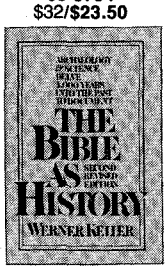

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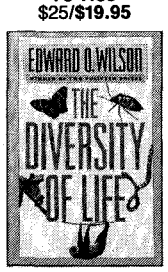

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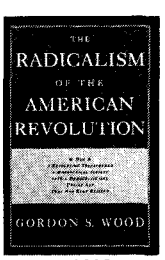

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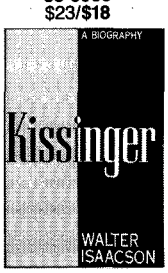

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than its cows has been its socialism. But Prime Minister P. V. Narasimha Rao and especially Finance Minister Manmohan Singh have attacked those assumptions head on, slashing tariffs and floating the rupee as but the first step in transforming India into a market economy. Predictably the vested interests have reacted (witness the bombings of the market in Bombay). But a middle class that is now 200 million strong is exerting pressure for greater openness, and if it is successful, it will create in India alone a market larger than America and the European Community combined. Meanwhile, back in Washington, Bill Clinton presses for subsidies for U.S. airlines . . .

■ Homeless people appearing in movies and on TV tend to fall along a spectrum running from charming, brilliant, white former concert pianists (*Down and Out in Beverly Hills*) to charming, brilliant, white former college professors (*The Fisher King*). So don't blame the producers at HBO and the TV series *Street Stories* for mistaking a parody profile of a homeless man, in the magazine *Heterodoxy*, for the real thing. The article recounts the brilliant achievements of one Lucien Sacrevache ("Sacred Cow" in French), a fake street person who has been awarded an honorary law degree from the fake "National Law School" for his string of successful suits against a fake burger restaurant, washing-machine manufacturer, and insurance company. ("Mr. Sacrevache won an appeal that will effectively extend to the homeless the same right to buy homeowner's insurance that homeowners and renters have long enjoyed.") The story was accompanied by a photo of a clean-shaven WASP. This seemed plausible enough to the folks at HBO and *Street Stories*, who wanted to interview Mr. Sacrevache as a likely subject for a TV show or cable movie. They were disappointed to learn that he doesn't exist. Ah well. Of course there's always the evening news. Memo to Peter Jennings: a possible "Person of the Week"?

■ Speaking of parodists, an especially mean-spirited one must have been at work in an article in the *New York Times* about the national conference of "Women-Church." The group is said to have convened in Albuquerque for a weekend of abortion workshops, Indian peace-pipe ceremonies, and assorted other pagan rituals, including one in which seventy women shook "plastic egg rattles and [sang] a prayer to the ancient Greek goddesses of the hunt and the hearth." The event closed with an invocation praising the "deity whom some call Goddess, some call Mother God, some call Christa . . ." At the same session, reports Peter Steinfels, "one speaker after another took the microphone to protest that her group—black, Asian-American, American Indian, Filipino, welfare mothers—was underrepresented or had been mistreated by the planners. . . . a youth delegation accused the planners of 'adultism.'" Mr. Steinfels writes with perfect driness. But he must be having us on, thank Goddess.

■ When John Cardinal O'Connor joined forces with Pat Robertson's Christian Coalition in distributing guides to the views of candidates for the New York City school board, solicitous pundits expressed their concern. How could Cardinal O'Connor ally himself with fundamentalists, who are the descendents of Pope-bashing Al Smith–haters of yore? Apart from the unexpected solicitude, this raises the question: How does anyone ever change? Over the last thirty years, most American evangelicals have shucked anti-Catholic bigotry. But if they are going to be held to their (or their fathers') past no matter what they do, then they might as well stick to *Confessions of a Nun*.

■ Bet you haven't read about this: Women who have repeat abortions or abortions before their first full-term pregnancy greatly increase the risk of getting breast cancer. Joel Brind, a professor of biology at Baruch College, says an abundance of scientific evidence pointing to a link between abortion and breast cancer has been available for a dozen years but goes undiscussed. He charges that the media and leading publications like *The New England Journal of Medicine* simply ignore the very un-PC findings. Meanwhile, breast-cancer figures continue upward. Obviously the health of women is less important than the right to choose.

■ Found in a biography of St. Teresa of Avila: "She tried to convert the theologians to prayer, but with little success."

■ On National Take Your Daughter to Work Day, a congressman who didn't have a child of his own was forced to borrow one. The girl was eventually returned, but child-abuse experts fear the effects of even brief exposure to Congress.

Turning Point in Bosnia?

AT THIS writing, the world awaits the decision by the parliament of the Bosnian Serbs whether to ratify the Vance–Owen peace plan which their leader, Radovan Karadzic, was persuaded to sign in Athens on May 2. Twice before they have rejected it.

The new hope for peace, such as it is, arose after a week of intense leaking in Washington to the effect that President Clinton had finally decided on military action. Needless to say, there is a lesson here about the importance of leverage to the success of di-

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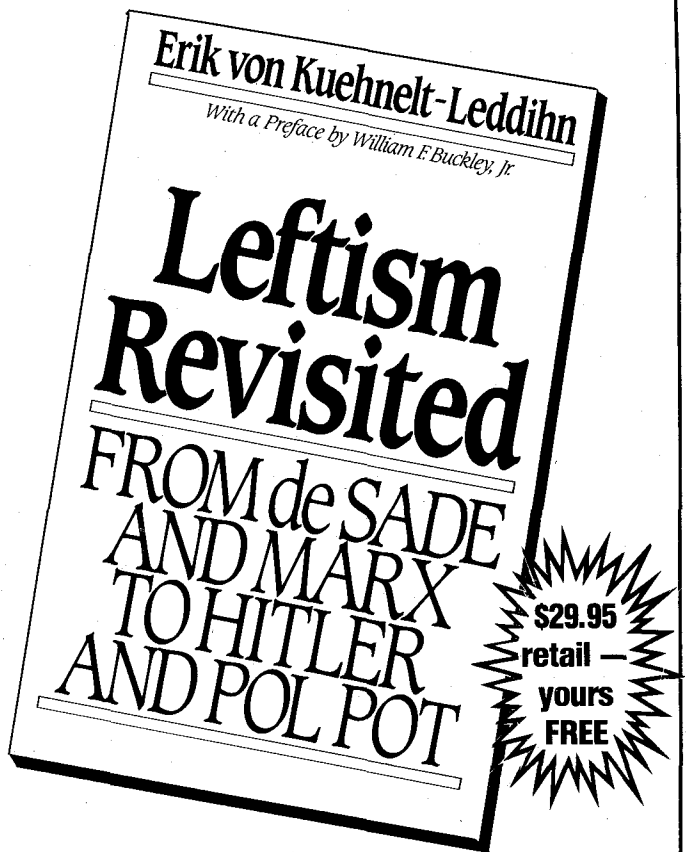
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plomacy. Gentlemen such as Warren Christopher, not to mention Cyrus Vance and David Owen, tend to imagine that peace comes about by a kind of immaculate conception. The original Clinton policy on Bosnia, announced by Mr. Christopher on February 10, was touchingly genteel in its reliance on diplomatic and economic pressures on Serbia. As we predicted at the time, this policy accomplished zero—except to prompt statements by Serbian strongman Slobodan Milosevic about how satisfied he was with the Clinton policy! Not exactly the reaction the Administration had wanted. Hence, after almost three more months of aggression and atrocities and U.S. ineffectuality, the President has finally seen there is no alternative to stronger action.

It is not easy being a liberal Democratic President contemplating the use of force, however. The problem is not only that important members of your Administration (including your Secretary of State) are philosophically allergic to any resort to force. It is also that you must give firm leadership to a reluctant military whom you are simultaneously tormenting with drastic budget cuts, gay rights, and women in combat—and with whom your personal moral standing starts out at close to zero given your record of evading the Vietnam War.

The result is that the military measures are likely to be inadequate if the President is ever compelled to implement them. One crucial step is lifting the perverse UN embargo that has prevented us from enabling the victims of aggression to defend themselves. But although necessary, this may not be sufficient to roll back Serb military gains. The other step chosen—limited air strikes against tactical targets like Serb artillery—is even more inadequate. Consider this hilarious report in the *New York Times* (April 29):

> The plan for bombing reflects restrictions set by the White House: No United States ground troops and, for the moment, no attacks on Serbia. For this reason, officials said, the Pentagon is not proposing any attacks on the key bridges between Serbia and Bosnia, fearing that a bomb could accidentally fall on the Serbian side of the border.

George Patton must be rolling over in his grave.

If the present hopes for peace are borne out, the Administration will deserve credit, for its new-found willingness to threaten force has made a difference. George Bush will deserve credit too, for in Desert Storm he restored American credibility to the point where thugs like Milosevic and Karadzic may choose not to test whether Bill Clinton is a paper tiger.

Our fear remains, however, that if the deal falls through—or if the Serbs sign it and later welch on it—and the military steps have to be implemented, their inadequacy will become apparent. All the warnings (by *NR* and many others) about the dangers of incremental engagement are likely to be borne out. Limited use of force could commit our prestige without producing a decisive outcome, leading us into either protracted war or a fiasco.

Our other fear is that, if the Serbs do accept the peace plan, President Clinton will send 25,000 U.S. ground troops into the region to police it. We have consistently urged against using American ground troops—all the more so if they were being sent in to enforce a treaty that is likely to be unpopular with all sides, and thus to make every group the potential enemy of our soldiers. It is bad enough to pursue the right policy with inadequate methods, as seemed to be the risk before the Athens pact. But it is rank folly to expose ground forces to the risk of massacre in the course of pursuing the wrong policy. As it happens, there are already ground troops fighting in Bosnia—they are called Bosnians. Let us arm them and assist them from the air, thus ensuring that the only risks facing U.S. personnel are fluke shots at high-flying aircraft.

After NAFTA

WHILE TALKING free trade, President Clinton seems to be holding the North American Free Trade Agreement hostage to "side accords" on job protection and the environment. Neither issue warrants weakening the treaty.

NAFTA will create twice as many U.S. jobs as it will destroy, according to most studies. This claim might seem overblown except for one fact: we can already see this happening.

In recent years the Salinas government cut tariffs on imports from the U.S. from 30 per cent to an average of 10 per cent. As a result of this liberalization our trade balance with Mexico swung from a $2-billion deficit in 1989 to a $6.8-billion surplus in 1992. Every $1 million of net exports creates thirty jobs, so trade with Mexico has already created 270,000 jobs that would not have existed otherwise.

To be sure, many American companies will relocate to take advantage of inexpensive Mexican labor. Absent NAFTA, however, they would probably have gone to the Far East. The difference is important: U.S. companies in Mexico buy more than half their inputs from the U.S., while Asian operations buy American only 13 per cent of the time.

Mexico's lax enforcement of its environmental code will put U.S. exporters at a competitive disadvantage. It makes no sense, however, to insist that Mexico adopt our own brand of environmental overkill. Instead, U.S. business groups should seize this moment to push for relief at home. According to the EPA, the cost of administering and complying with federal environmental regulations comes to $120 bil-

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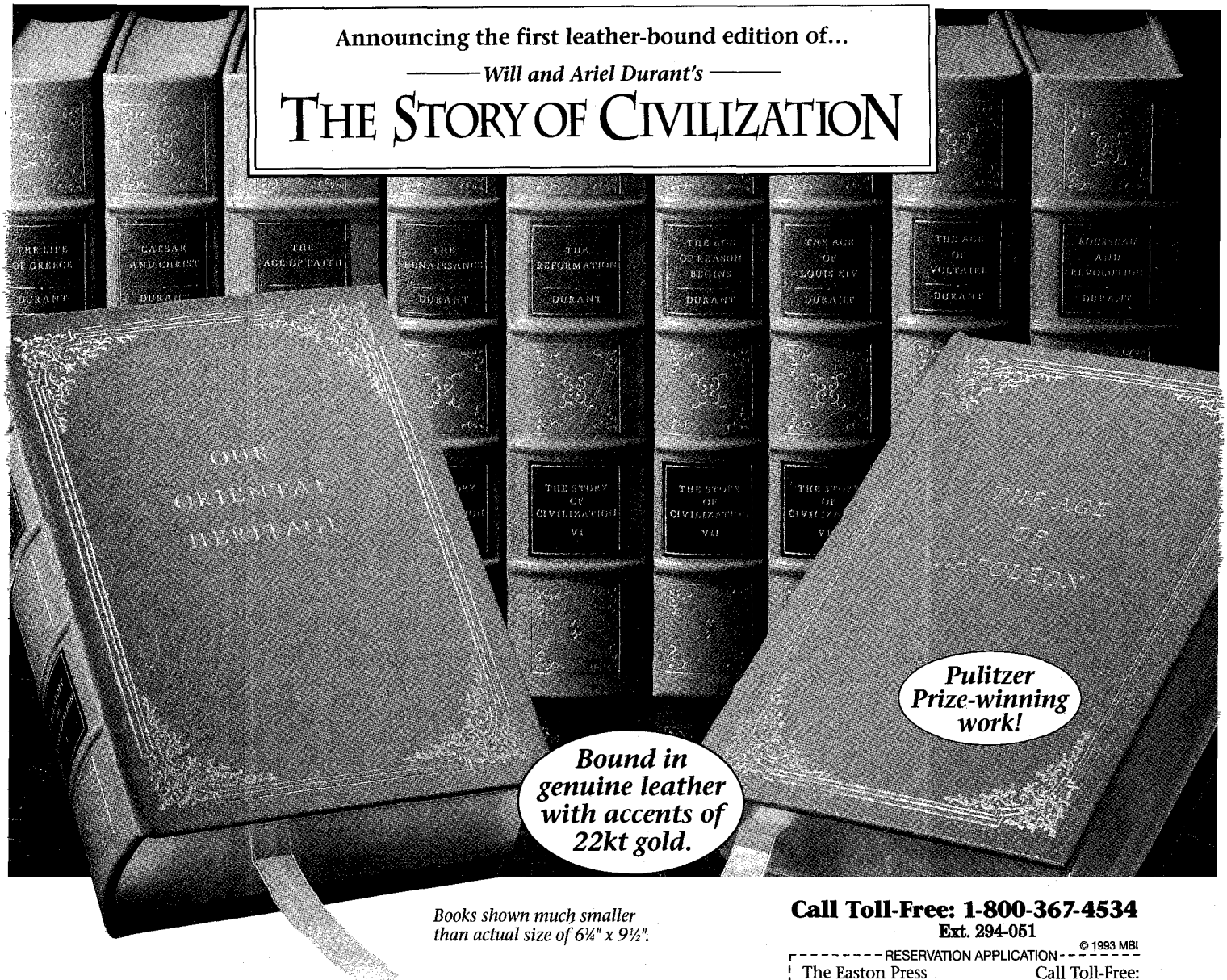

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lion annually. Yet a study by the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development concluded that our air quality is no better than that of France or Japan, nations that spend only one-quarter as much of their GDP on pollution control.

NAFTA's significance goes beyond jobs and the environment. The complete integration of Mexico's economy with our own would force that nation to stay its free-market course even after President Salinas leaves office a year and a half from now. The smart money says that Mexico will be the next Japan—and that's not at all bad for her northern neighbor.

Boris Bounces Back

MAY DAY, the traditional celebration of socialism, was this year an opportunity for the Russian people to contemplate at their leisure the draft of a new constitution restoring the right of private property. It was a delicious irony.

The campaign for the referendum illustrated in its own way the cultural milestone Russia is now passing. Yeltsin built up a war chest to finance lively U.S.-style commercials. One featured a simple jingle to the words, "Da, da, nyet, da," signifying the answers Yeltsin wanted to the complicated four-part questionnaire on the ballot (Do you approve the president? Do you approve his economic program? Do you approve a new presidential election? Do you approve new parliamentary elections?). The same four-note jingle was played and replayed on the state-run media. The opposition commercials were lengthy speeches by the traditional talking heads. Guess which had more impact.

While the results of the referendum on the questions about new elections were ambiguous for technical reasons, Yeltsin's unexpectedly large majorities on the first two questions gave him a resounding moral and political victory. He has now seized the moment again with his draft of a new constitution. It is roughly modeled on the French system, with a strong president who appoints a prime minister and cabinet. It would set up an independent judiciary and central bank and a U.S.-style bicameral legislature, and would enshrine the fundamental right to own private property and to buy and sell land. The provisions on the central bank and property ownership are obviously sine-qua-nons for any serious economic reform and recovery.

Yeltsin's rebound is paying off in other areas, too, as in the surprising degree of Russian support in the UN for stronger measures against Serbia.

Finance ministers of the G-7 group of industrial democracies met in Washington last week and promised financial support for Russia provided that it moves ahead quickly with market reforms. The proviso is vital. But, so far, Yeltsin's courage and political skill have made him a better bet.

Some Freedom for Blacks

IN HIS first public speech since joining the Supreme Court, Justice Clarence Thomas told an audience at Mercer University in Macon, Georgia, that black conservatives fear to speak out because "damning the dissenter is the new orthodoxy. . . . These purveyors of the new intolerance spout popular buzzwords. [But] it is no different than the racial prejudice and bigotry of years past."

Justice Thomas is of course the chief victim of the prejudice of which he speaks. Can anyone imagine that the electronic lynchers who went after him in the summer of 1991 would have descended on a black figure of "moderate" to liberal views? They continue their assaults to this day: "a black face deciding cases that are going directly against the interest of blacks" is how one NAACP honcho describes him. There is one conservative black in the House (Gary Franks, R., Conn.); there are Thomas Sowell, Walter Williams, and Glenn Loury in the academy, and the occasional off-beat opinions of Stanley Crouch, Shelby Steele, Henry Louis Gates. Apart from them, publicly validated black opinion is a liberal desert. Boundless and bare, the lone and level sands stretch far away.

The submission of the black American mind to liberal hegemony is the last, and most insidious, form of black dependency. America faces deep questions about its economy, its role in the world, the level of public order, and the state of the culture. But only whites are allowed to debate them (liberal blacks chime in like a chorus in *Show Boat*). Below the leadership level, there are strong counter-currents in black American life: evangelicals and Muslims fed up with crime and promiscuity; the large majorities that supported Clarence Thomas. But such sentiments are almost never expressed in forums that matter. They are all liberals now, as Lionel Trilling might have said—or at least so whites cast them.

Hanoi's Smoking Gun

THOSE WHO have contended these many years that Communist North Vietnam kept back U.S. prisoners of war found some powerful vindication recently in a North Vietnamese document unearthed in Moscow. (One of the lesser joys of the collapse of Soviet Communism has been to watch its aftershocks upend orphaned clients like Vietnam.) The document is a secret military briefing

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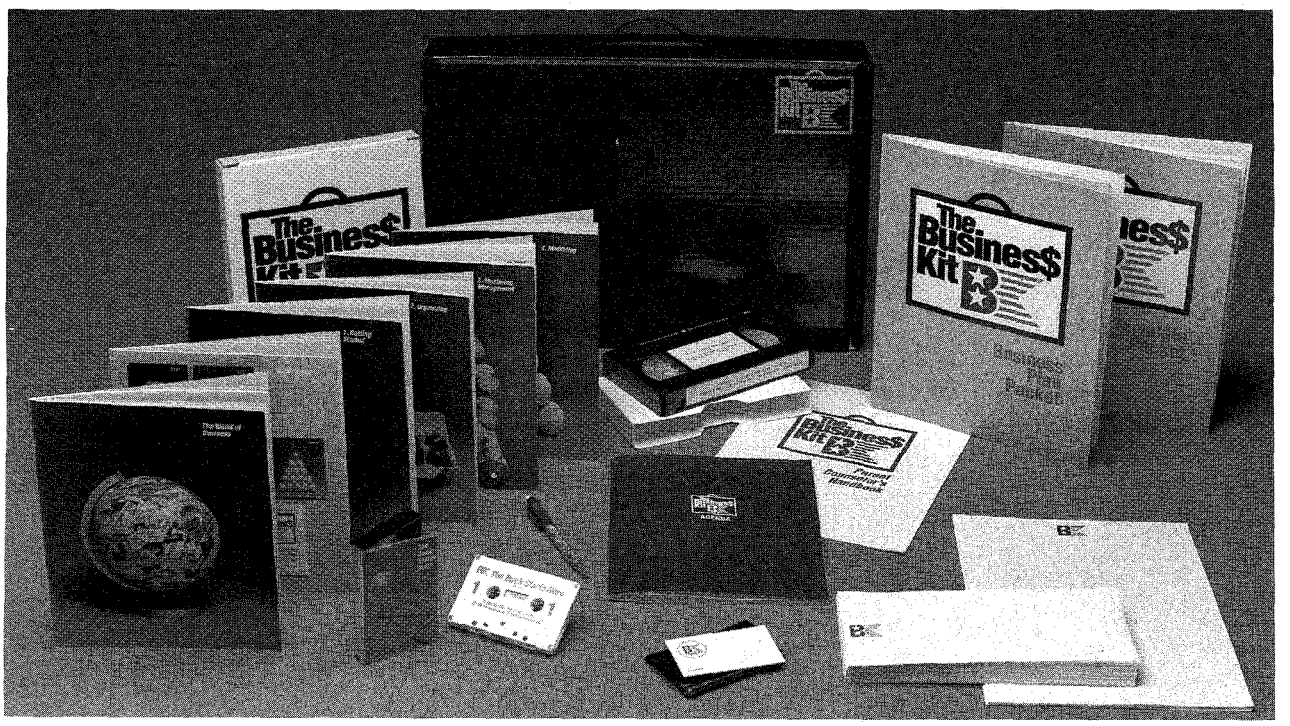

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on September 15, 1972, by North Vietnamese General Tran Van Quang for the Hanoi Politburo, which Soviet military intelligence acquired and translated for its Party masters in Moscow. Respected Indochina scholar Stephen J. Morris, in Moscow researching a book on the Vietnam War, stumbled on the memo in the liberated archives of the Soviet Communist Party Central Committee.

General Quang's briefing listed 1,205 U.S. POWs as of September 1972, captured in North Vietnam, South Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia. They were, he said, held in 11 prisons scattered around North Vietnam. He said he would not publicly disclose the correct number, so that the issue could be used to blackmail the "stubborn" Nixon Administration and extort U.S. economic reparations.

The bombshell, of course, is that when the North Vietnamese released U.S. POWs at the beginning of 1973, they released only 591. This means another 614 were unaccounted for—not missing in action, but men whose fate Hanoi has concealed in a continuing and hideous lie ever since.

The low number released in 1973 was a shock at the time, and the Nixon Administration repeatedly pressed Hanoi for explanations. The North Vietnamese simply stonewalled. But the U.S. Government's ability to press for Hanoi's compliance with the Paris Agreement evaporated in mid 1973 when the Democratic Congress banned all U.S. military action in Indochina and thereby destroyed our leverage. An amendment by Senator Bob Dole, which would have conditioned the ban on satisfaction on our POWs and MIAs, was soundly trounced by the Democratic Senate, 56 to 25, on May 31, 1973.

Today's liberal Democrats are eager to normalize relations with Hanoi. Many of them, grotesquely, have hoped to bring about such a reconciliation as a final act of expiation for *our* moral failings vis-à-vis Vietnam. The Clinton Administration, a nest of such doves, was moving in that direction as fast as domestic politics would allow—a delicate matter in view of veterans' attitudes toward Mr. Clinton's draft evasion. Stephen Morris informed the Administration of his discovery in February, but it essentially did nothing. Now that the secret is out, guerrilla squads of "explainers" have appeared to discredit the document. They have not succeeded.

Hanoi called the paper a "fabrication" (but Russian archivists attest to its authenticity). Others leaped at various minor factual discrepancies (but Soviet military intelligence is not a division of MENSA, and it's unlikely, thank God, that our POWs told their captors the total truth). POWs who returned in 1973 say now that they knew of no missing six hundred men in faraway prisons (but they would not necessarily have been in a position to know).

U.S. Defense Intelligence Agency specialists covering their embarrassed rear ends (no MENSA chapter there either) are pushing another thesis: that the figure of 1,205 must include U.S. "puppets" of other nationalities (mostly Asian) who worked clandestinely for us in Indochina. The problem with this thesis is not only that Communist documents routinely distinguished between Americans and non-Americans, but that the numbers don't hold up: the figure General Quang gave for the prisoners captured in Laos (43) is almost exactly the number of Americans the Pentagon was expecting to receive home from Laos in 1973. Had all the other nationalities been included, General Quang's Laos number would have been much higher.

Call it off, Mr. Clinton. Reconciliation with Vietnam is an obscenity in these circumstances. Shut down the negotiations, block any aid by the IMF or World Bank, and repeal the limited steps George Bush took late last year to loosen the U.S. economic embargo—steps he took on the erroneous assumption that Hanoi was cooperating in accounting for our POWs and MIAs.

To Your Health

Though worrywarts eying the President's plate
Fear what's to be eaten and what he just ate
Will call for Mylanta before the dessert,
Shalala and Hillary sound the alert
And rush the unveiling, determined to lead,
But Bentsen's dyspeptic and Reich's off his feed.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Latin-Americanization Of the Universities

THE National Association of Scholars held its annual national convention April 16–18 in San Francisco. The NAS is neither liberal nor conservative but is composed of professors who oppose the current politicization of the universities, a process that is taking place in course content, student admissions standards, recruitment and promotion of faculty, and governing structures. Many NAS members are national and even world figures.

Much was said at the convention, and many of the papers will be published in *Academic Questions* (Princeton, N.J.), now emerging as one of our most trenchant quarterlies. Perhaps Berkeley philosophy professor John Searle put it most succinctly at a brilliant panel on Saturday morning, where he was joined by John Bunzel of the Hoover Institution, Aaron Wildavsky of Berkeley, the journalist John

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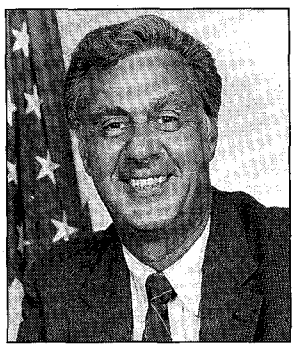

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Leo, and Todd Gitlin, a thoughtful leftist from Berkeley.

Professor Searle stressed the point that a revolutionary faction in the universities is working to change them from knowledge-based to politics-based institutions, intending to enforce political considerations across the board. He considered that this represents a revolt against a millennium of science and philosophy.

Professor Searle noted that this sea-change has not taken place in the hard sciences, in economics and engineering, or in serious departments of philosophy—but it has occurred disastrously in the softer social-science, history, literature, and humanities departments, and in university administration. He also pointed out that these soft areas invoke for their authorities marginal figures like Jacques Derrida, and employ major misunderstandings of philosophers such as Nietzsche.

Professor James Q. Wilson of UCLA delivered a riveting address, arguing that the crisis of the university today is due not to threats from outside, from legislators, etc., but from inside the university itself.

Professor Aaron Wildavsky foresaw a Latin-Americanization of the American university, as politics and power become the bottom line, rather than intellectual achievement. He delighted, with mordant humor, in the fact that the Mensheviks would be the first to go—that is, the liberals who had let the revolutionaries through the gate in the first place.

Reagan and History

THE popular cliché about Ronald Reagan—the napping President who presided over a decade of greed and the fortuitous collapse of Communism—did not survive a recent Hofstra University conference on the Reagan Presidency. Instead, at the three-day gathering of academics, former Reagan officials, and journalists, even those who aren't Reagan boosters conceded that he pulled the levers that toppled Communism, and that he moved our nation with his principled leadership.

Lou Cannon of the *Washington Post* recalled a *Post* reporter in 1980 asking then-candidate Reagan if a defense build-up would fuel a dangerous arms race. A campaign staffer Lyn Nofziger cringed as Mr. Reagan gave an answer that would surely be portrayed as off-the-wall: No, the Soviets can't keep up. "Reagan had an absolute vision of [the Cold War's end]," Mr. Cannon now says. "Reagan did in fact have an idea . . . that the Soviets couldn't stay in the economic competition."

SDI was widely credited at the Hofstra conference with impressing on the Soviets the futility of chasing the U.S. in the arms race, an analysis confirmed by former Soviet officials at a recent Princeton University conference on the Cold War. And Mr. Reagan's official biographer, Edmund Morris—distrusted by Reaganites who fear he's not particularly a Reagan fan—noted that even the reviled "evil empire" speech helped "the motherland realize . . . it was indeed evil."

At home, too, Ronald Reagan had a vision: one of lower taxes and reduced regulation. Haynes Johnson, a *Washington Post* columnist and Reagan critic, acknowledged as much. "Reagan knew what he wanted to do. He was a strong President and not a weak one," Mr. Johnson said, adding that he "achieved almost exactly what he wanted to achieve."

But clichés have a certain comfort. Columbia University historian Henry Graff demonstrated the abiding schoolyard quality of much of the debate over Ronald Reagan with the assertion: "[Reagan] had more luck than any President in history." (Napoleon said: Give me generals who are lucky, historian Stephen Ambrose reminded the group.)

In the end, history will likely let Reagan be Reagan. It will find a man who not only—in the words of Lou Cannon—served as a "mirror" that reflected "to the American people our values," but personified those values as well. Mr. Cannon says he used to dismiss as too good to be true stories that, as a young lifeguard, Reagan had saved numerous drowning swimmers. Then he did some research. "The truth is that he had actually saved a lot of these people from drowning," says Mr. Cannon. "There was something behind the mirror."

A Clinton Nightmare

Like a squeaky wheel, Perot
Gets the axle grease, although
Lube the President applies
Never seems to tranquilize
That damn wheel, especially
When it's squeaking on TV.

W. H. VON DREELE

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:
Thought you might find the enclosed of interest.
Best regards.
[No signature or address]

HIV+ Tattoo Trend

Seattle (Dec. 4 GayNet)—The latest trend in up-front

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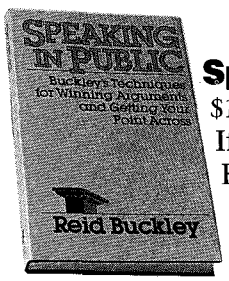

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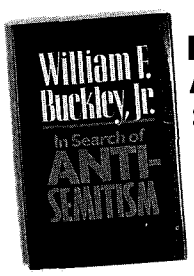

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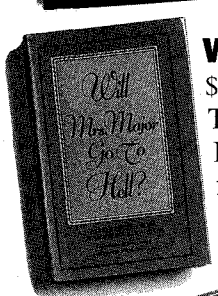

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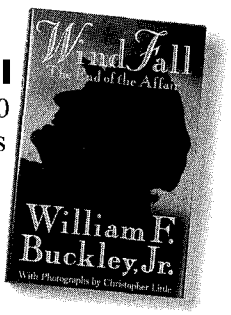

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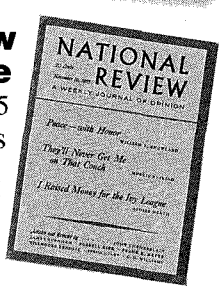

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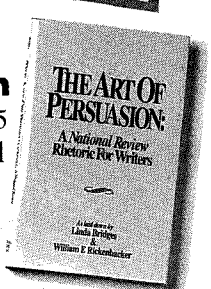

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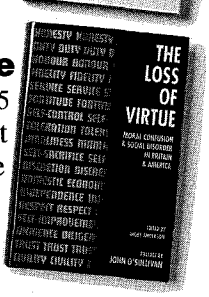

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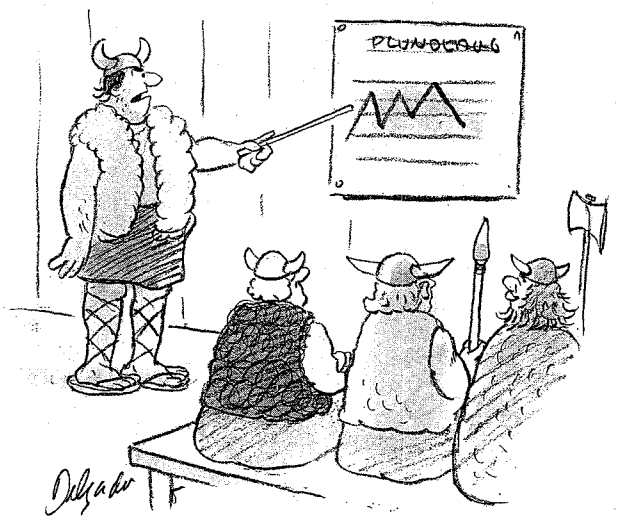

"Plundering is down 39 per cent."

activism among gay men infected with HIV—and one that's bound to stir up political controversy—comes not from New York's or San Francisco's well-organized AIDS activist community, but from gay men in Seattle who have started having "HIV+" tattooed on their groins. The owner of Seattle's Tattoo You, a lesbian-owned fim, says more than a dozen gay men infected with the virus have come to her to have their groins tattooed. Lamar Van Dyke, the owner of Tattoo You, says she was a bit put off the first time someone asked for the HIV+ tattoo. But she now says it's their decision to make and thinks it's brave, honest and self-empowering. "It's a trend that started on its own," says . . . Van Dyke (which is her own *nom de tattoo*). "It's a gutsy thing to do, and they seem glad they're doing it."

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

As an addendum to the Biblical wisdom discovered by Michael Moore ["Notes & Asides," March 29] in Eccles. 10:2—"The wise man's understanding turns him to his right; the fool's understanding turns him to his left."—let me offer another pastoral insight from the Scripture: "My son, fear the Lord and the King; do not associate with *those who are given to change*. . . ." (Proverbs 24:21; emphasis mine). I discovered this during the presidential campaign, and I knew immediately that "the Candidate of Change" would be bad for America. The Proverb continues: ". . . for their calamity will rise suddenly, and who knows the ruin that comes from both of them?" God give us wisdom!

Rev. Craig Combs
Bentley Creek, Pa.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am 13 years old, and attend a school in Framingham, Massachusetts. I use the money which I earn from my paper route to subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW and the *Conservative Chronicle*, both of which I read every page of.

I read every one of your columns and articles which appear in these publications. I also especially enjoyed your book *Up from Liberalism*, and watch every installment of *Firing Line*. Your beautiful writing style and wonderfully logical presentation and discussion of the issues is something to which I shall always aspire.

Here in The Liberal Paradise, homeland of Kennedy, Dukakis, et al., your brilliant commentary provides a beacon of hope to those of us not brainwashed by the forces of political correctness, which order us to condemn all that is right and to accept debased and disgusting values through the rewriting of history—it seems that there is no longer a thing called truth, in the eyes of some people. Growing up in this atmosphere, I feel besieged by worries: What will happen to this nation's economy under "Comrade Clinton"? Will I be able to succeed in life with big, oppressive government always looking over my shoulder? What will happen to education in this country—can it get any worse? Will standards of right and wrong be totally abolished? Will truth in history be allowed?

But as long as you and others like you carry on The Good Fight, I know that reason cannot lose out, for the Left exists on time borrowed from whatever guilt they can make others feel. I must thank you for establishing NATIONAL REVIEW. The articles contained within it, I believe, provide a beautiful blueprint for what we can do to fix the great problems that we now face. Besides this, the arts and literary commentary provide me with a much-needed intellectual respite (imagine the effect if everyone in this nation read just one issue of NATIONAL REVIEW and saw the light: utopia!).

I must also, as a Jewish conservative Republican (an endangered species, to be sure), thank you for your efforts to dispel the myth that "conservative" is equal to "racist" and "anti-Semite," when in fact the bigoted, intolerant ones are too often on the Left. Finally, my generation owes you a great debt of thanks for helping to bring about the glorious Reagan Revolution. If more of my classmates listened to you than to obscene rap lyrics, we would have made a great deal of progress.

I would be thrilled if you could send me an autographed picture—it would have the place of honor in my room. Thanks again for all that you do—it certainly enlightens me. You are a truly great intellect, and a wonderful role model.

Sincerely,
Steven Eric Stryer
Framingham, Mass.

Dear Steven: Send you an autographed picture? I'll do nothing of the sort, I will send myself! Please tell me what hour is convenient for you. Cordially,

—WFB

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ON THE SCENE

Taken for a Swim

BRIT HUME

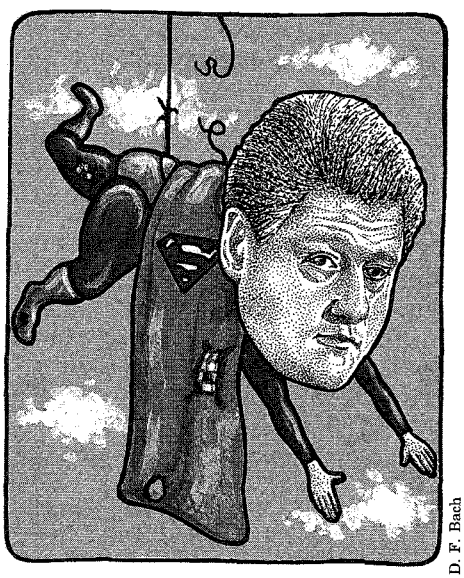
WASHINGTON, D.C.

ON APRIL 23, two days after the defeat of President Clinton's $16.3-billion stimulus package, a senior advisor conceded privately the way the White House had handled the measure had been "a mistake." That was hardly a revelation. What is telling is what the White House thinks the mistake was.

A little background: The stimulus package was a grab-bag of spending ranging from child immunization to summer youth jobs to unemployment compensation. The money was to come from deficit spending, which required the White House to declare it an "emergency" to get around budget rules. Part of the money, about $2.5 billion, was to be distributed to states and cities for spending on projects mayors and governors had placed on their "ready-to-go list." It included such things as swimming pools in Midland, Texas, public housing for artists in San Francisco, and an Alpine slide in Puerto Rico.

When the bill first came to the Senate, two Democrats, David Boren of Oklahoma and John Breaux of Louisiana, wanted to amend it so that much of the money could not be spent until after Congress had passed the spending cuts called for in the Clinton budget. This would have meant a delay of several months, but it would have given members some political cover against the charge that the first thing they were doing was voting new spending. The White House said no and insisted the troops be kept in line to block the amendment. This is what senior officials would say later was the "mistake."

"We were facing a mini-revolt on the left in the House," an official explained. "Even some of the liberals in the Senate were a little goosey." The problem, it seemed, was that these good Democrats had been whipped into line to pass the Clinton budget, which, in their eyes, contained deep spending cuts. Part of their reward was to be the stimulus package, something to take home before the cuts hit. So when it looked as if the White House would yield to the concerns of a couple of Southern Democrats, there were threats of mutiny in the Black Caucus, among other places. For two days in late March, debate raged in the White House. Vice President Gore, among others, argued for a compromise along the lines Breaux and Boren wanted. In the end, the President decided to go full speed ahead. It did not occur to anybody, apparently, that the Republicans might be able to block the bill and in so doing hand the President a humiliating defeat just as his Administration was approaching its hundred-day mark.



D. F. Bach

Before it was over the President would put up a spirited fight for the plan that in no way suggested he was simply trying to keep faith with his allies on the left in Congress. The stimulus package was hardly the centerpiece of his economic program; indeed, there was considerable discussion during the transition period over whether there should even be one. It was one thing he had not promised. When the Republican filibuster began, though, the White House held nothing back. It tried different names for the bill. From a stimulus measure, it became an "investment" package, then a "jobs" bill. The President played down the importance of those gaudy "ready-to-go" proposals. He said his Budget Director would make sure none of the money was spent wastefully. Then he called the objections to the Alpine slides and swimming pools "amazing."

On April 7, speaking to reporters in the White House, the President said: "Building a city park which gives people, kids a chance to have recreational opportunities in the summertime and you create jobs doing it, is that a waste of money? I don't really think it is. I mean the Senate's got a swimming pool, doesn't it? Doesn't it? And it was built with taxpayers' money, and somebody had a job building it . . ." The Republicans' proposed cuts in the package were just "designed to keep people out of the work force," he said. Five days later, the President pointed out the Oval Office window at children frolicking in the White House Easter Egg roll. "They are the hostages of the Senate filibuster," he said: the stalled stimulus bill contained immunization money for kids. As for the Republicans, "I'd like to know how many more Americans they want to keep out of work."

White House officials, asked about the wisdom of such rhetoric, insisted it was a necessary prelude to what they said confidently would be a deal with the Senate Republicans. The President did eventually agree to scale back the size of the program. But he flatly refused to go along with the Republicans' other demand: that the program be paid for by cuts in other spending. Instead, White House spokesmen began insisting that the stimulus *was* "paid for." By that, they meant that there were offsetting cuts in future years in the President's budgets. This is nonsense. Once money is spent in one year, and the deficit is enlarged to finance it, it cannot, within any known

Mr. Hume is chief White House correspondent for ABC News.

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meaning of the term, be "paid for" the next year.

Meanwhile, Bob Dole, a man not given to absolute pronouncements, was predicting the Republican solidarity would not be broken. Indeed, some of the filibuster's most vocal leaders were such moderates as John Danforth of Missouri and John Chafee of Rhode Island. Dole was careful to give them a prominent role at news conferences. Still, the White House thought it could peel off a handful of the 43 Republicans, which would give Mr. Clinton the 60 votes he needed to break the filibuster. Clinton aides put out lists of public-works projects the filibuster was holding up, hoping the folks back home would pressure their senators. But the folks back home, it seemed, were not moved. A *Newsweek* poll showed a healthy majority favoring the stimulus package, but such polls often fail to measure intensity of sentiment. At home for the Easter recess, Republican senators were finding that nearly all the strong feeling was against the bill. Phone calls to Senate offices were overwhelmingly opposed.

The President went to Pittsburgh on April 17 to pressure Republican moderate Arlen Specter. "You go to Washington," he told an airport rally. "The President's got a swimming pool. The Senate's got a swimming pool. Why shouldn't the people have a swimming pool?"

Thus was the "new Democrat," who had promised on his first day to "reinvent" the government, reduced as his hundredth day approached to fighting for federally financed swimming pools. If that was a mistake, however, the Clinton high command refused to acknowledge it. Nor would anyone agree that the stimulus package itself was not worth the political capital the President had spent on it. But when the Senate, on April 21, cast a procedural vote on a slimmed-down ($12 billion) version of the measure, four Democrats who had previously supported the plan voted no. The next day, the Republicans held fast in their filibuster, and Dole refused to go along with any compromise version that was not paid for. The White House gave up. Only the extended unemployment compensation survived.

A bigger debacle would be hard to imagine. Mr. Clinton had gotten his budget through Congress in record time. He had then gotten bogged down in a protracted, losing fight over a small element of that budget, one which put him on the side of deficit spending and conceded his opponents the high ground of deficit reduction. Repeatedly, he raised the stakes, which served only to raise the visibility of the issue and thus of his ultimate defeat. Yet even afterward, he couldn't let go of it. In Boston five days after the stimulus failed, he was still arguing for it. "I think if we gave some more money to the mayors and governors of this country for job purposes, that would be a good thing," he said. "I don't think it would be a lot of pork." The next day, a senior advisor was asked why the President continued to harp on the issue. "He believes in it," the aide said, putting his finger on what seems to have been the problem all along. □

After the Assassination

ANDREW KENNY

RICHARDS BAY

TO UNDERSTAND the mood of South Africa, you should imagine a man suffering from a wasting disease and stoically preparing the medications that will make his life bearable. Then a witchdoctor tells him his illness is really caused by an evil spell and, if he makes a human sacrifice and dances in the moonlight, the spell will be banished and he will have perfect health. Ecstatic, he does so, the magic fails, he feels despair, and he returns to his medications. But in a few months' time another witchdoctor comes along. . . .

The cold prognosis is that South Africa is about to follow black Africa into economic decline. The general mood is of glum resignation, but there are episodes of violent exultation. Black and white prophets call for one last great cleansing by blood to bring about the African Utopia or the Boer Republic of Virtue.

The world saw a glimpse of these turbulent forces after the assassination of Chris Hani, the black leader of the South African Communist Party. Unfortunately the world looked through the idiot eye of television, which reduces events to an animated horror comic. In fact the violence and plunder were responsibly contained by the leaders of the ANC, and on the day of the funeral political murders were below their average of eight a day. Moreover, the South African public is so stupefied by endless slaughter—tribal murders, criminal murders, murders for *muti* (using human body parts for magic), murders of passion, murders of boredom—that this storm caused no panic but only a deepening sense of dread.

Dominating South Africa is a troika of the National Party Government, the ANC–Communist Party alliance, and big business. They have different tribal bases (Boer, Xhosa, and English) but their political ideas are the same. They all are authoritarian; they all believe in the corporate state. Popular support for them is large in number but small in enthusiasm. The elections, which should happen within a year, are almost certain to bring about a coalition government between the NP and the ANC.

Opposed to them are white and black nationalists. Here there is much enthusiasm, but with this fundamental asymmetry: the white militants are proud of their past and sure of their identity; the black militants are ashamed of their past and confused about their identity. (The only black party proud of its African past is Inkatha, a traditionalist, mainly Zulu party and an opponent of the ANC.) In the townships, the more the black militants curse the white man, the more they want to be like him; the more they eulogize their African traditions, the more they jeer at the tribesmen in the bush who still practice them.

The white nationalists are divided between two ideas, a reduced *Volkstaat* (Afrikaner homeland) and white domination over the whole country; and between two methods, negotiation and force. The idea of a *Volkstaat* is a good one, which could contain peacefully the energies of Boer nationalism. One possible site is the forbidding semi-desert of the northern Cape, where the *Volk* could build a Boer Is-

Mr. Kenny is a mechanical engineer living in Natal.

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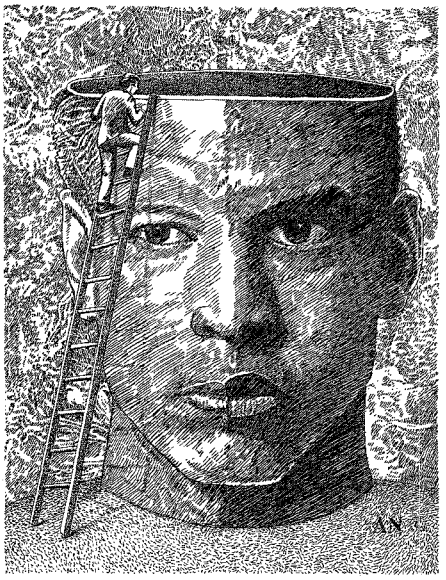

Alan Nahigian

rael on the banks of the Orange River. However, the sacrifices necessary for such a fulfillment are currently too much for most of the *Volk*, and so the Conservative Party, the official opposition in the dying white parliament, offers them confused and unworkable schemes for prolonging apartheid. The loudest party of white nationalism is the AWB (Afrikaner Resistance Movement), a fascist party lead by Eugene Terre'Blanche, the greatest mob orator in South Africa. It has a simple message for the whites: When things fall apart, we are here to protect you.

Four bullets fired at close range into Chris Hani on April 10 have shaken South Africa. In the shock of the killing, the first thought of the troika was to prevent a conflagration, and the government wisely gave way to the leaders of the ANC to calm the black populace. The white and black militants, on the other hand, seized the opportunity to make incendiary speeches. The two best performances in this tense time were from Nelson Mandela for peace and from Eugene Terre'Blanche for war.

Slow, elderly, dignified, Nelson Mandela appeared on TV and appealed for restraint. At the funeral, he stood before the agitated black crowd, sympathizing with their anger but pleading for calm. By contrast, his estranged wife called for violent insurrection. Winnie Mandela, who now travels the townships in a chauffeur-driven Mercedes and accuses the ANC leadership of "elitism," appeared in battle fatigues before a black mob in Cape Town urging revolution. Her co-speaker, Peter Mokaba, leader of the ANC Youth, chanted, "Kill the Boer!" to huge applause. It was disturbing but silly.

A more chilling message came from the AWB. For years, the government-controlled SA Broadcasting Corporation had condemned Chris Hani as a murderous Communist in league with Satan. Now, anxious to soothe the black majority, the SABC mourned him as John the Baptist. The AWB held to the old view. Addressing a worried white crowd with his huge, operatic voice, Terre'Blanche managed (like Hitler) to present himself as both a man of peace and an invincible force who would not hestitate to meet violence with violence. He exulted over the death of the evil Communist Chris Hani. After the assassination, some black violence spilled into white suburbs and, where the police force is increasingly demoralized, armed soldiers of the AWB guarded white citizens. This is a sinister omen.

Whatever conspiracy is found behind the assassination, the killing was an amateur affair, and the suspected killer, a Polish immigrant, was easily caught. However, I believe that it has benefited the white militants, simply by stirring up the black militants. By a strange coincidence, Andries Treurnicht, the courteous, uncertain leader of the Conservative Party, and Oliver Tambo, the dignified former leader of the ANC, died of natural causes within two weeks of Hani. There will be a re-arranging of the parties and I believe the white nationalists will become stronger.

As black Africa sinks into the mire and the world outside loses interest, it is turning to South Africa for help. Accursed South Africa, the savior of the continent! I work in manufacturing industry, the main hope of the South African economy, where the mood is of torpid pessimism. Many of my fellow engineers are just waiting for the world economy to recover before emigrating. The white workers are sullen and insecure, joining whites-only trade unions and increasingly drawn toward the AWB. Rebellion alternates with fatalism. An Afrikaner colleague said recently, "When you see the way the country is going, you may as well give up engineering and go and sell doughnuts on the beach." The hopes of Africa rest upon whites who are now deciding whether to reach for the passport, the gun, or the doughnut stall.□

Rebuilding a Shattered Land

IAN ALEXANDER

HARGEISA, SOMALILAND

IT IS EERIE walking the streets of this wrecked city, once bigger and more prosperous than Mogadisho, eight hundred miles to the south. One recalls the words of Charles Baquet, U.S. ambassador to neighboring Djibouti: "There is so much ordnance hidden away in the Horn of Africa, it's a wonder all Somalia hasn't broken off and sunk into the sea."

In the southern part of Somalia, U.S. troops are giving way to UN troops; here in the northern part, of which Hargeisa is the capital, no such troops were needed. The tribal chiefs of the former British protectorate of Somaliland had long ago beaten their spears and guns into plowshares, trading terror for talk since finally ousting the troops of Siad Barre's hated socialist dictatorship in 1991.

Mr. Alexander is a longtime observer of the Middle East.

But Barre's forces did not leave quietly. Their retreat was preceded by a binge of looting, pillaging, and killing, virtually ignored by the rest of the world, that left Hargeisa and many other cities and towns in ruins and at least eighty thousand slaughtered.

Even today, fully half of the sparse traffic in Hargeisa consists of flat-bed trucks with a wide array of guns mounted on their backs: recoilless rifles, grenade launchers, 50-millimeter cannon, Korean War–era ack-ack batteries. These ungainly vehicles—called "technicals"—are manned by teenagers patrolling the streets in the name of law and order. Some reportedly impose "taxes" on the occasional *commerçant* met along the way.

Hardly a home has emerged unscathed from years of war; streetlights, indeed electric lights of any sort, are virtually non-existent (there are perhaps twenty small generators in the city). Donkeys pull battered oil

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drums converted into water wagons that serve every dwelling and shop, as running water is equally non-existent. The central hospital has 300 beds for 450 in-patients.

And yet, every day a hundred or more citizens voluntarily return to Hargeisa and other northern towns from refugee camps in Ethiopia, fulfilling their dream to come home. They were joined on February 22 by Omer Arteh Ghalib and his wife, who ended a ten-year exile. [See "Somali Peacelord," *NR*, Feb. 1.] The prime minister of the provisional government of the Republic of Somalia returned to his native Somaliland unannounced. But within an hour upwards of sixty thousand Hargeisans filled the streets and forced his convoy to inch through their massed, cheering bodies.

Although virtually everyone here remembers Arteh's career as educator, parliamentarian, and the country's most widely respected diplomat, there are those who are not completely comfortable with his long absence, and who feel he was too long an ally of Siad Barre. They neglect the fact that most Somali leaders collaborated with Barre in the early years, and they forget that Arteh spent six years in solitary confinement in a Barre prison.

Barre, from the southern Manehar tribe, had assumed the presidency of all Somalia in 1969, in a bloodless coup and with a unity pledge as his platform. Virtually all tribes were represented in the new government, and he assumed office with pledges of free enterprise and integration of all tribes and sections of the country.

Within five years he had swerved into the Soviet camp, reduced the parliament to a rubber stamp, and killed or imprisoned thousands of tribal elders, former government officials, and military and religious leaders. As the population resisted, Barre became more and more brutal, especially with Arteh's Issac tribe, which accounts for some 80 per cent of the north's population of 5.5 million.

But now Arteh has returned; and he finds his diplomatic skills sharply tested within the first two hours. Stopping at the Presidential Palace to pay his respects to regional Vice President Hassan Issa Chaman, Arteh and his small retinue are at first refused entry. After 15 minutes of delicate discussion, during which machine guns are leveled at his party by militiamen guarding the palace, they are grudgingly granted entry, to learn from the vice president that he had thought Arteh was attempting a coup.

Arteh breaks the embarrassed tension with a deep laugh and gently reminds Chaman that he has always preached peace and never more than now: "We have no time to be angry; we must concentrate all our energies on rebuilding the peace."

In the first days of his return, Omer Arteh acts swiftly and deliberately. On seeing the horrific state of the hospital, he sends his eldest son, Mohammed, out to scout for mattresses, and within hours one hundred have been found, purchased, and delivered.

To strident, nearly unanimous demands for independence from a hopelessly fractured Somalia, Arteh, who recognizes the increasingly nominal nature of his post as prime minister, keeps quiet, knowing that his people will not forget his long quest for some loose sort of confederation with the chaotic land to the east and south.

Hargeisa Mayor Omer Hamdullah Bobba, having battled the odds for two years and brought a semblance of rudimentary order to his city, is one of many who cannot control his bitterness: "We will never agree to stay with the south! It may take one hundred years, but we will eventually be free.

"Boutros-Ghali, all of Egypt, and the UN cannot convince us to stay in bed with with the likes of Farah Aidid and Mohammed Said Hersi Morgan [two of the south's notorious warlords]. We were wrong to give up our right to complete independence in 1960 when we gained independence from Great Britain. It was a mistake that cost us 100,000 lives. We cannot forget."

Later, a tired Arteh expresses empathy for his old friend the mayor. "He has every reason to be upset; I understand completely. I simply feel we should not even think about these issues, lest they distract us from the enormous duty of getting our people properly housed and cared for."

There is a *Realpolitik* instructing Arteh: no one has yet recognized the self-proclaimed independent Somaliland. Nevertheless, in the weeks since his return, his strategy seems to be succeeding: not just northern leaders, but more and more southerners are speaking out about the inevitability of Somalia's break-up.

Meanwhile, there is work to do. Arteh has formed a group of investors to establish a telecommunications service, and he is exploring different private-sector initiatives for banking, construction, farming, and so on.

The days in Hargeisa often seem to be going by slowly and painfully. The visitor is numbed by the destruction and suffering. But late in the evening, in a quiet so pervasive it can almost be heard, the peace of the place strikes home, in stark contrast to the uneasy truce in the south.

Given reasonable luck, and uncustomarily benign non-intervention by the UN's too forceful Boutros-Ghali, Arteh and his determined fellow Somalilanders can—and should—succeed in rebuilding their shattered land. □

A Future for L.A.?

HAROLD JOHNSON

Los Angeles

I PULL into a 7-Eleven off Sunset Boulevard and am greeted by an unexpected serenade. A loudspeaker over the entrance is blaring the *Firing Line* theme, the vigorous cadences of a Brandenburg Concerto.

"Yeah, we've got classical music going full time," the burly, T-shirted cashier explains. "Keeps the panhandlers away. Works like a charm."

The quickening pace of decay in the nation's second largest city—a crime wave that won't quit, schools that don't teach, legions of street people who act as human toll booths along sidewalks—has Angelenos improvising defenses, though not many as successful as the 7-Eleven's recipe for carving out vagrant-free zones.

What could turn out to be an historic reaction to L.A.'s protracted crisis came on April 20, in the first round of voting for a successor to Mayor Tom Bradley, who after twenty years is cleaning out his underused office. The

Mr. Johnson, an editorial writer for the Orange County Register, *was on the editorial board of the* Los Angeles Daily News.

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race is officially non-partisan, but in this heavily Democratic city, no registered Republican has been elected chief executive for well over a generation. But on April 20, Republican Richard Riordan led the 24-candidate field by a long stride.

Top Democrats are nervous. The California Democratic Party moved quickly to endorse Riordan's opponent in the June 8 runoff, liberal City Councilman Mike Woo. The White House is reportedly thinking about following suit, though "it's not clear that open support from Clinton would be a bonus at this point," as L.A. political consultant Harvey Englander puts it.

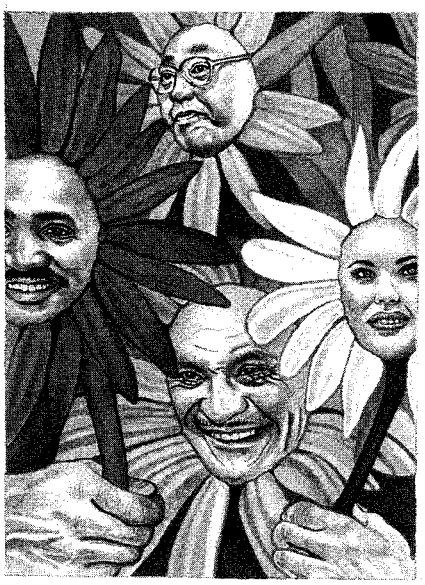
Richard Riordan is an unlikely revolutionary. A 62-year-old attorney, he made himself a multi-millionaire through canny investing; he has never held elective office, but he has long been a player in the city's power elites. Although he aided the 1986 drive to oust Chief Justice Rose Bird, and this year sponsored a term-limit measure for city officials, his pedigree is by no means hard-right. The self-described "Eisenhower Republican" has showered dollars on candidates of both parties: indeed, he was one of Tom Bradley's biggest contributor. He says he's pro-choice, but gave $10,000 to Americans United for Life. Go figure.

Yet from the beginning in this race, Riordan has defined himself against the status quo. He is certainly a great advertisement for the L.A.-based Reason Foundation, champion of entrepreneurial answers to government woes. He cites Reason studies to make the case for contracting-out garbage collection and street maintenance, and for leasing L.A. International Airport to a private operator. He also talks about empowerment—pruning regulations, curbing taxes, establishing incentives for inner-city job creation.

Education is a top voter concern, and cuts Riordan's way. Though he isn't sold on vouchers, he is a critic of sagging standards and of empire-building in the sprawling L.A. Unified system, which he wants to divide into a host of small, independent districts.

In a town whose thin blue line is thinner, per capita, than most—James Q. Wilson calls L.A. "the most underpoliced city in America"—Riordan would hire 1,000 additional officers. And he would pay for beefed-up patrols not by hiking taxes (Woo's preference), but by putting government on a diet, trimming staffs and closing or merging redundant agencies.

Before the April vote, some liberal pundits were portraying the Riordan candidacy as sequel to *Falling Down*, a vehicle for resentful whites in the GOP enclaves of the San Fernando Valley. The actual vote left those analysts red-faced and grim. He did indeed romp in the Valley. But he also went to town on the Westside, picking up large numbers of moderate Democratic whites, many of them Jewish homeowners. Among Hispanics he scored a respectable 20 per cent—second place. And his pollsters say his 21 per cent of the Asian vote included a large share in Korean neighborhoods still on edge following last year's riots. Overall, Riordan captured 33 per cent,



Bonnie T. Gardner

to Woo's 24 per cent. In a Democratic city, he still has to be counted the underdog, but the arithmetic gives him a solid chance.

One of the many things Riordan has going for him in the runoff is his opponent. Mike Woo, 41, is the weakest of the major Democratic candidates, a left-liberal with a fan club among big labor, gay leaders, and the Westside Brie nibblers who frequent ACLU fund-raisers. His chances of eating into Riordan's GOP base are nil; in fact, it will be a struggle even to secure the bulk of the moderate Democrats who voted for more centrist candidates in the primary.

Woo is the son of a prosperous (and politically conservative) Chinatown banker. He comes across as a mix of wonkishness and smugness, sort of a cross between George Stephanopoulos and Dr. Spock. He is known for his unctuous sermonettes on urban planning, police brutality.

Woo won prominence through his leadership in the effort to give former Police Chief Daryl Gates the boot, and he has a history of opposing special police funding requests (he voted against foot patrols and community-based policing, for instance). His prescription for law and order includes an outright ban on cheap handguns, at a time when more and more law-abiding citizens have concluded they need guns for protection (even actor Edward James Olmos, a prominent voice for calm in the city after the riots, has applied for a concealed-weapons permit, apparently after being threatened by gang members).

A one-time Berkeley activist who applied for Conscientious Objector status during Vietnam, Woo as councilman pushed for a law to stop L.A. police from helping detain illegal aliens. He has proposed giving spousal benefits to the lovers of gay city employees, and he applauded condom distribution in L.A. high schools.

Even with the city mired in debt, Woo is calling for tens of millions of dollars in new social spending. If past is prologue, higher taxes would be his chosen instrument for paying the bill. His fingerprints are on most of the six new taxes or tax increases imposed by the city over the last eight years.

As a Chinese immigrant's grandson, Woo is being touted as representative of the new Los Angeles, a center of ethnic and cultural variety. But his commitment to racial harmony apparently isn't all-encompassing. "Los Angeles isn't about to elect an old, rich, white Republican," Woo's spokesman told a reporter recently.

In fact, it is that "old, rich, white Republican" who is running the genuine rainbow campaign—because Riordan's agenda is directed at the things that unite, rather than those that divide. Southern California bustles with seekers from every continent; various they might be in color and tongue, but most share what you might call middle-class aspirations—the desire for good schools, safe streets, employment in a healthy economy.

Those are the elements of a future that works. Los Angeles will regain its equilibrium when it has leaders committed to sustaining a safe environment for pursuit of the human hopes that transcend human diversity. □

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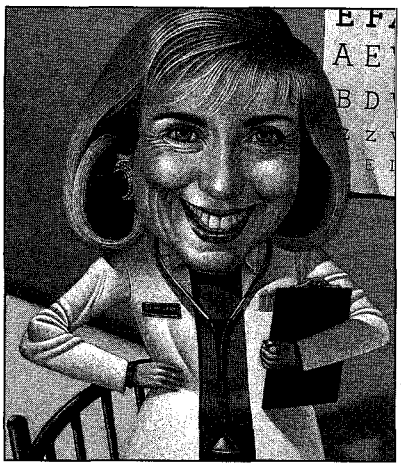

The Health-Care Task Force

YOU BET YOUR LIFE

American medicine is by many measures the best in the world—so why is it generally agreed that the system is 'in crisis'? And how do we cure what is wrong without ruining what is right?

THE CLINTON PLAN AND OTHERS

GRACE-MARIE ARNETT

HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON and her Task Force on National Health Care Reform are attempting to design a health-care system for the twenty-first century. Unfortunately, key elements of the emerging plan look more like twentieth-century collectivist experiments in Eastern Europe and Asia than a futuristic model for America.

Bill Clinton's campaign promises on this subject seemed so appealing: Health coverage would be extended to 35 million uninsured people in the United States. All Americans would get full coverage at a reasonable cost, regardless of their medical history. All plans would offer preventive care as well as protection from catastrophic expenses. Government would help to streamline administration, reduce paperwork, and lower costs. The money saved on Medicare and Medicaid would be used to help balance the federal budget.

For the last three months, more than five hundred academics and government bureaucrats have been mired in the complexities of figuring out how to make these utopian campaign promises a reality. The outline of the plan, scheduled to be unveiled this month, is fairly clear. The centerpiece is "managed competition," a depersonalizing scheme embraced by big corporations, insurance companies, and bureaucratic organizations. Under the plan, large networks of doctors and hospitals, organized primarily by insurance companies, would offer budget-priced health-care services to collections of consumers for a fixed monthly fee. Regulators would prescribe the services to which patients would be entitled through their "core benefits package," and "gatekeepers" in these big networks would control access.

In other words, beyond the mask of "pro-business, pro-entrepreneur language" ordered up by White House strategist James Carville lurks a system characterized by price-control agreements, rationing, and centralized government decisions over how much health care consumers will get, how they will get it, and how technology will be used and constrained.

Here are some of the elements of the likely proposal:

Core benefits package. A new National Health Board will define the basic doctor and hospital services that would be available to all of us, from preventive care to catastrophic coverage. This is tricky, however: If the package is all-inclusive, it will be impossible to fund, but if it rations care, the political fallout will be tremendous.

Purchasing cooperatives. New organizations called "health insurance purchasing cooperatives" or "health alliances" would be created. These quasi-public groups would represent employers and perhaps individuals in negotiations to buy hospital, doctor, and laboratory services from newly formed "super HMOs." The big health-maintenance organizations would compete with one another to offer the lowest price for providing the core benefits package. The networks would be prohibited from denying anyone coverage and would be required to charge everyone basically the same monthly fee to receive health-care services.

A global budget. One of the trickiest issues is whether to require the new National Health Board to set a budget for how much the nation would spend on health care. If a global budget were set, some inflation-adjusted version of current annual expenditures—currently about $900 billion—would become the new ceiling, and states would probably be required to enforce the limits. The task force may require private insurers to abide by new, lower reimbursement fees for doctor and hospital services for Medicare patients. A debate on whether to impose mandatory price controls has been raging at the White House.

Employer mandates. All employers would be required to offer health insurance. Ninety-seven per cent

Miss Arnett is president of Arnett & Co., a health-policy consulting firm in Washington, D.C.

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERTO PARADA

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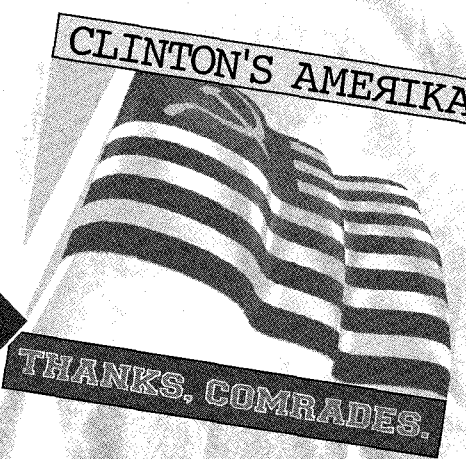

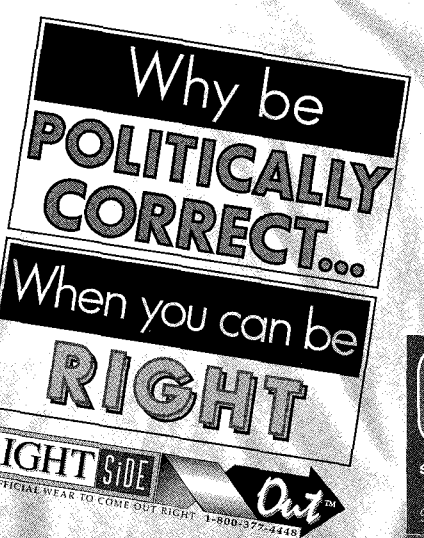

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of companies responding to a recent National Association of Manufacturers survey already provide health insurance. The National Federation of Independent Business says that two-thirds of its members provide health insurance, and of the third that don't, 92 per cent said they would if they could afford it. Those that don't are primarily small, start-up, and marginal firms; the Clinton plan may call for a phase-in with tax breaks to help make the coverage more affordable. However, small-business organizations have warned the President that requiring employers to provide coverage will mean a loss of up to five hundred thousand jobs.

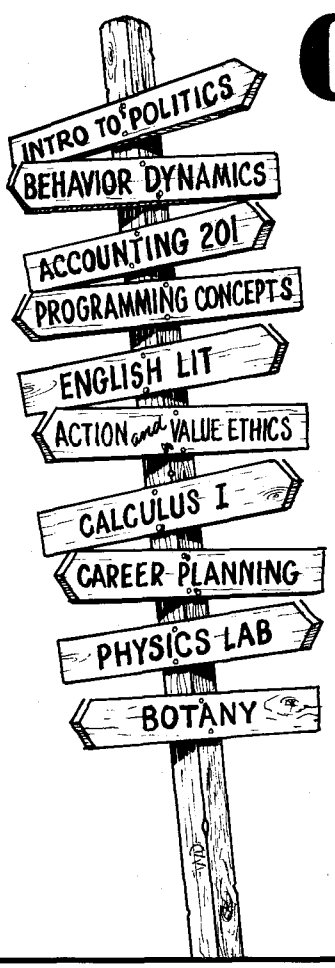
Even before it is unveiled, the Clinton plan is being modified to respond to political practicalities. Patients are being told that they will be able to buy extra services if they are willing to pay more, and they are being assured they will be able to choose their own physician. Big companies can opt out of managed-competition networks if they want. And the task force is considering asking industry for "price-control agreements" as a substitute for mandatory price controls.

Managed competition is tailor-made for a President who professes support for the private sector but whose political nature compels him to devise complex new government programs. While passage of the proposal is far from assured, the Clinton team already has scored one significant victory. It has engaged the nation in debating how much and what kind of control the government will have over the nation's health-care system, preempting discussion, at least for now, of alternative free-market solutions.

The Cold Reality

NOW the hard work and cold reality of paying for the promises has begun. Task Force czar Ira Magaziner estimates that the plan would cost $100 to $150 billion in new spending. The White House has tried to squelch the number and put the estimate at $30 to $90 billion—a more politically salable figure.

The list of problems with managed competition is endless. Internal Task Force documents concede, "The plan would be cumbersome. Consumers would have to deal with new and unfamiliar agencies ["health alliances"] and choose from among plans they feel ill-equipped to evaluate. Unanticipated barriers to service would be erected when people are sick." Because managed competition theoretically offers patients unlimited access to doctors and hospitals, the length of lines at the clinics, not pricing, would regulate demand. Bureaucrats would continually ratchet down the services in the "core benefits package" as costs escalated. Most importantly, technological innovation would decline as cost concerns take priority over quality of care. "High-tech medicine" frequently is cited as the culprit in ris-



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ing health-care costs. While medical technology may be expensive, these advances almost always lead to more cost-effective total care and a better quality of life. In no other industry is less technology considered progress. Unfortunately, restricting access to new technologies is now seen as part of the solution. The ethical question over access to expensive treatments by those unable to pay is one of the most difficult to address. But restricting access to innovative treatments and new technologies because they are too costly to be included in the "core benefits package" will quickly diminish the quality of patient care for everyone.

The Root of the Problem

THE CURRENT SYSTEM does need fixing. It distorts pricing and demand, is inequitable, and is alternately wasteful and miserly. Too many people are locked into jobs they don't like because they are afraid of losing their health insurance, and millions more don't have coverage at all, forcing them to go untreated or obtain care in crowded hospital emergency rooms.

Unfortunately for Mr. Clinton, 75 per cent of Americans are reasonably satisfied with their own health care, according to pollster William D. McInturff of Public Opinion Strategies in Alexandria, Va. "They clearly are not ready for massive changes in the way they get care for themselves and their families, even though they may say that changes are needed to fix the system for everyone else," McInturff said.

One reason they are happy is that the great majority of the more than two hundred million Americans with coverage is insulated from the true costs of medical services. Imagine that every time you went to the supermarket you paid only 20 per cent of your grocery bill, because your "food insurer" picked up the rest of your tab. You and other insured shoppers would have little incentive to be cost conscious, and you would likely buy caviar and prime steaks instead of potato chips and hamburgers.

"Your chart says: 'Keep patient alive until his medical insurance expires.'"

Luxury items eventually would push moderately priced goods off the shelves, and people without food insurance would find the price of food prohibitive. The cost of food insurance would rise, and more and more people would be left standing outside the supermarket.

This is precisely the system that has fueled the inflation of health-care costs in the United States. Inflation is the inevitable result of shielding consumers from the costs of their purchases. And as prices increase, fewer people can afford coverage, accelerating the spiral.

Who are the uninsured today? Of the estimated 35 million people who lack access to health-care reimbursement at any given time, many are young people in entry-level jobs, the self-employed, the working poor who earn too much to qualify for Medicaid, or workers who are between jobs. Half of the uninsured lack coverage for four months or less. Only a small minority, about 15 per cent of the 35 million, are uninsured for more than two years. Even with this group, hospitals rarely deny emergency treatment to injured or seriously ill patients.

Managed competition will not help the chronically uninsured. But rather than target solutions to this entrenched group, policy makers are ready to impose extraordinarily cumbersome top-down "solutions" that will dramatically alter a segment of the economy that employs ten million people and constitutes one-seventh of the U.S. economy.

A Better Idea

THE QUESTION that is central to the problem but which is not being asked is this: How can we change the behavior of the buyers and sellers of services so that the health-care sector functions more like a competitive market? Here are some options:

Incentives. Americans are sophisticated consumers who decide what they need in many fields, and they can use the same skills in making purchases from their doctors, given the proper incentives. But U.S. medical-payment systems seldom require them to employ these skills, partly out of a paternalistic belief that medical care is too complex for most patients to understand. More than 90 per cent of all medical decisions are made in a non-crisis situation; if consumers were motivated to be more financially responsible about health-care purchases, information markets would spring up to help them make choices.

Tax deductibility. Nowadays few question the connection between health benefits and employment. But Milton Friedman says this makes no more sense than the early industrial ploy of paying employees with vouchers that could be spent only at the company store. The reason Americans expect their employers to buy their health coverage for them is misguided tax policy that makes premiums deductible for companies but not for most individuals. The vast majority of employees are precluded from making individual choices in an open and competitive market to select the kind of health coverage that best suits their needs. Managed competition promises choice, but it will offer only those choices mandated by government in a highly regulated environment—hardly an atmosphere for viable competition.

Furthermore, employer-based insurance encourages over-use of health services. Employees have given up wages to get health coverage, and they want to get value from the wage substitute. As a result, health in-

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surance increasingly has evolved from catastrophic to first-dollar coverage. After employees pay their deductible for the year, they expect to get all the health care they want for 20 cents on the dollar. This overuse in turn increases the costs of coverage. It is highly indicative that more than 97 per cent of individuals to whom tax-free insurance is available are insured, while only 33 per cent who must buy health insurance without a tax deduction are insured. Further, the code discriminates against the lowest-paid workers in favor of the highest-paid. For a typical family earning $20,000, the tax break for health insurance is worth $366. For someone earning more than $100,000, it's worth $1,463.

Allowing individuals to purchase their own health insurance with tax-deductible dollars would do more than anything else to bring market incentives to the health-care system.

In this transfer of deductibility, employees would expect assurances that the money that their employers had been spending on health coverage would now come to them directly so they could buy their own coverage. Most employers would be happy to arrange this so as to get the monkey of rising health-care costs off their backs.

Restoring true insurance. The great fear of the middle class is not that they won't be able to pay the bill for their flu shot: it is of bankrupting medical bills in the event of catastrophic illness. But in virtually all developed countries, the concept of using health insurance as a protection against financial risk has been lost. Instead, health insurance has become a plan for pre-payment of routine medical expenses.

Those who want the predictability of a pre-paid plan for routine care should be able to buy such coverage to simplify their access to physicians. But those who would rather save money and pay out of pocket for routine bills should be able to buy policies that provide them insurance only for major bills. This would discourage people from over-using health services. It would reward cost-consciousness. And it would encourage people to be more responsible for their own health. Just as they realize that reckless driving makes their car insurance more expensive, disregard for their health could increase the costs of their medical insurance.

The Bigger Picture

THERE IS ample evidence that part of the reason health-care costs are rising is that Americans are choosing to spend a greater percentage of their income on health care. The increased spending buys value: faster and more accurate diagnosis, less invasive medical procedures, a better quality of life, longer life. When people have met their basic needs for food, clothing, and shelter, many will choose to spend a bigger portion of their incomes on staying healthy.

The nation's health-care needs are as diverse as its tastes in food, clothing, and housing. Encouraging diversity and choice are the keys to quality and economy. Opponents claim that the free market in health care was tried and failed. In fact, the U.S. hasn't had a properly functioning market in health care for decades. A better system is possible, but the key to it is trusting consumers and respecting markets. □

HEALTH-REFORM POLITICS

PETER SAMUEL

ALTHOUGH conventionally said to be in "crisis" American health care is still the envy of the world. Foreign leaders quietly vote for it with their bodies, coming here for treatment of a standard not provided by their own socialized systems—as evidenced just recently when the premier of Quebec visited a U.S. hospital for treatment of a melanoma.

But while America's medical technology and professional expertise are unmatched, our health-care financing arrangements are collapsing. Americans want action, and Mr. Clinton raised expectations of reform to a high level with the appointment of the Task Force on National Health Care Reform led by the First Lady.

The trouble is, there are sharp disagreements about the root causes of the problem, and therefore about what solutions might be efficacious. Any schema is bound to oversimplify, but the accompanying table [page 36] summarizes the split on health reform.

The President himself and some of his closest associates would definitely fall on the left-hand side of the table. They have a starkly Marxist view of the cost problem in health care. In his campaign manifesto *Putting People First*, Clinton attributed cost escalation simply to greed. He summed up his solution thus: "What we need are leaders who are willing to take on the insurance companies, the drug companies, and the health-care bureaucracies and bring health-care costs down." From this perspective, the approach to be taken by the task force is simple: Find a way to "crack down" on the "price gouging."

The schools of thought represented by the right-hand side of the table, however, see the root of the problem not in greed, but in the way the insurance system has

Mr. Samuel, an NR *contributing editor, is president of Greentrack International.*

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developed in this country since World War II. They agree that there is a systemic flaw in the delivery of health care, but argue that the flaw is third-party payment: the fact that when a patient sees a doctor or goes to the hospital, the money seems to come out of someone else's pocket—his employer's, his insurance company's, or the government's. The individual patient may in fact have paid more than his fair share of insurance premiums and taxes, and he is surely paid a lower wage than if his employer were not paying for his health insurance. But in terms of any incentive he has to keep costs down, it is as if the money miraculously dropped from the heavens.

The American system of employer-funded health insurance, whose distortions the government is now trying to cure, is the completely unintended consequence of an earlier government edict: wage and price controls during World War II. Employers, unable to bid for labor with higher wages, bid with control-exempt health-benefit packages. Ever since, the federal tax system has built a protective wall around third-party payment.

Reform Schools

THE PLAN the Task Force favors is known as "managed competition"—with the accent on *managed*. This had its origins in a scheme by the same name, but with the accent on *competition*.

The original "managed competition" was developed by the so-called Jackson Hole Group, a loose-knit collection of leading health academics, administrators, and practitioners who met for a few days each summer from the mid 1970s onward at the home of Paul Ellwood, a doctor interested in health-care policy. This group saw the principal health-care problem as being the lack of bargaining power and expertise on the part of consumers/patients. As a solution they proposed Health Insurance Purchasing Cooperatives (HIPCs, which got pronounced "hippicks")—non-profit membership corporations that would use their numbers and professional expertise on behalf of consumers. Stanford's Alain Enthoven, who is usually credited with being the inventor of "managed competition," writes in a special issue of the professional journal *Health Affairs* that the HIPC would act on behalf of the self-employed and employees of small business the way a competent health-benefits office of a large corporation would act.

The "managed competition" concept was gradually transmuted, as the special issue of *Health Affairs* demonstrates. It was socialized. Walter A. Zelman, a health-issues specialist at the California state insurance department and a member of Mrs. Clinton's Task Force, writes that HIPCs should be an "arm of government," with their officials appointed by a state board. Even the Jackson Hole Group has gone along, recently proposing that employers with a hundred employees or fewer should be compelled to join their local HIPC. Paul Starr of Princeton—another Task Force member—writes: "The surest way to kill managed competition is to make the purchasing cooperatives voluntary."

On the other side of the divide is the burgeoning free-market reform movement. One of these groups takes as its bible *Patient Power: Solving America's Health Care Crisis*, written by John C. Goodman and Gerald L. Musgrave and published by the Cato Institute last year. The patient-power movement argues for leveling the playing field with medical savings accounts (MSAs)—tax-free accounts along the lines of IRAs. Encouraging individual health insurance would overcome the problem of employees' losing their health insurance if they lose their jobs, but most important, it would make them lifetime careful shoppers for health care. No longer would hospitals and doctors be able to get away with treating their fee schedules as an unmentionable subject.

Conservatives based at the Heritage Foundation have a scheme somewhere between managed competition and patient power. Robert Moffit at Heritage told me that he agrees philosophically with the free-marketeers, but that their scheme is politically impractical. "In America in the 1990s everyone is going to get basic health care one way or another. Better to bring the uninsured into the system explicitly." The Heritage plan requires that everyone buy health insurance, and it provides for random assignment of high-cost patients to the various insurance companies. The leftward plans 1 & 2 provide for equal health-insurance charges based on community-wide rating of risk, whereas the free-marketeers want insurers free to rate based on the individual insuree's health history and prospects. The Heritage plan is a compromise, allowing rating within a band 25 per cent below and above average community-wide rating.

One free-marketeer told me that Heritage has "sold out" and that its scheme is just a variant of "managed competition." To which Robert Moffit suggested that Alain Enthoven would strongly disagree. "You ask the Pope who is a Catholic."

How the Debate Is Going

BY ALL indications, there has been considerable chaos inside the Task Force. Staff director Ira Magaziner, a management consultant by profession, has been struggling to produce a proposal with some operational coherence, while Mrs. Clinton intervenes periodically as supreme arbiter of what is politically necessary or possible. The First Lady is said to be a difficult taskmaster, since she is simultaneously a bold egalitarian social engineer and a stern cost-cutter. She has insisted that the "benchmark plan" (which everybody is to have as a minimum) include not only virtually all physician and hospital services but a host of peripherals such as dentistry, optometry, psychiatry ("mental health"), and pharmaceuticals. At the same time she is resisting many of the new tax proposals designed to raise the money to pay for this largesse.

Congressional Democrats were burned last year when they proposed a financing mechanism they called "play or pay." The Urban Institute, an impeccably lib-

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The Parties of Health Politics

	Left liberals/ socialists	Congressional moderates	Conservatives	Free marketeers/ libertarians
Major perceived problem	Greed of doctors, hospitals, insurers, and drug makers	Third-party payment of bills—lack of cost-conscious consumers	Third-party payment of bills—lack of cost-conscious consumers	Third-party payment of bills—lack of cost-conscious consumers
Other big problem	New technologies	New technologies	Tax favoritism for employer-based system	Tax favoritism for employer-based system
Major target	Private practice	Lack of price competition	Job-basing of health insurance	Job-basing of health insurance
Plan	National Health "single payer"	Managed competition	Consumer choice	Patient power
Intellectual authors	David Himmelstein	Alain Enthoven	Stuart Butler	John Goodman
Think tanks	Harvard	Progressive Policy Institute	Heritage Foundation	National Center for Policy Analysis
Lobby groups	AFL-CIO, Families USA	AMA, AHA, HIAA	PWC	CAHI, AAPS, PPP
Models	Canada	California civil-service scheme	Federal civil-service scheme	Singapore
Central institutions	Government health boards	Health Insurance Purchasing Coops	Insurance companies	Insurance companies
Coverage	Compulsory for broad package	Compulsory for broad package	Compulsory for broad package	Optional
Availability	Guaranteed	Guaranteed	Guaranteed	Marketplace or welfare
Rating	Community	Community	Modified community	Individual risk
Control mechanisms	Global budgeting, rationing, price controls	Competitive market	Competitive market	Competitive market
Financing	Mandated employer contributions, VAT, sin taxes, etc.	Mandated employer contributions, VAT, sin taxes, etc.	Payroll withholding to plan of choice	By individual with encouragement of tax break—medical savings accounts
Congressional sponsors	Jim McDermott, Pete Stark, Edward Kennedy	Jim Cooper, John Chafee	Orrin Hatch	Phil Gramm
Bills	HR-5502	S-5936	S-3348, S-2905	In draft

eral think tank, estimated that the "pay" side (a 7 to 9 per cent payroll tax) would threaten the existing health insurance of some fifty million Americans—not to speak of many hundreds of thousands of jobs. Suddenly the Democrats forgot "play or pay." Now they lack any credible financing mechanism and are reduced to speculating about "sin taxes" and VAT.

Mrs. Clinton also is said to favor sweeping new bureaucratic forms such as a national health board, local purchasing cooperatives, and data collecting and assessment agencies. But when it comes to spelling out their powers Mrs. Clinton is a moderate, ruling out proposals for giving them monopoly status and adjudicatory authority. The First Lady wants to keep the largest health-industry lobbying groups on her side, and to do so is willing to circumscribe the powers of the new agencies.

For the big old guns of medical politics have all to some extent signed on to Clinton health-reform crusade. The American Medical Association (AMA), once a bastion of private practice, now mostly represents salaried and group-practice doctors; it supports the collectivist schemes. The American Hospital Association (AHA) has been completely carried away by what it calls a "Vision for Health Care," in which it dreams of a "seamless system from preventive care [through] to long-term care" based on new "community care networks," leaving behind today's nightmare in which patients "wander unguided through a fragmented system." The AHA Vision provides for a "single entry point for all [health] services needed." A hospital?

The Health Insurance Association of America (HIAA), the major health-insurance-industry group, has not gone quite as far down the collectivist road, but it is well on the way. Last December, after considerable internal agony, it embraced the essentials of "managed competition," including universal coverage, a benchmark benefits package, and community rating.

However, these establishment groups do not go unopposed: the last few years have also seen the emergence of a collection of vigorous, self-confident free-market groups. HIAA's free-market rival is the Council for Affordable Health Insurance (CAHI); the AMA's rivals include the American Association of Physicians and Surgeons (AAPS—based in Washington, D.C.), Physicians Who Care (PWC—San Antonio, Texas), and Physicians for Patient Power (PPP—Dallas, Texas).

These groups have marshaled the arguments against

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managed competition and all its brethren. CAHI director Greg Scanlan starts with the problems with community rating. It would make a fit and healthy 22-year-old pay the same premiums as a 55-year-old who smokes and gets no exercise.

When Benjamin Franklin ran his fire-insurance business in Philadelphia, it is recorded, he charged owners of wooden houses three times the premium he charged owners of brick houses, because the pay-out risk on the wooden houses was three times greater. "Community rating" would have forced him to charge everyone the same regardless of risk, which would have been unfair to brick-house owners and discouraged construction of safer brick housing. Moreover, it would have encouraged him to "cherry pick" for brick-house business and to find all kinds of ways to avoid requests by wooden-house owners for coverage. It is the essence of insurance that it covers risks, the contingencies of life, and it is not insurance but simply forced income redistribution when the insurer is asked to disregard risk or to take on the cost of existing disabilities.

The Medicare Example

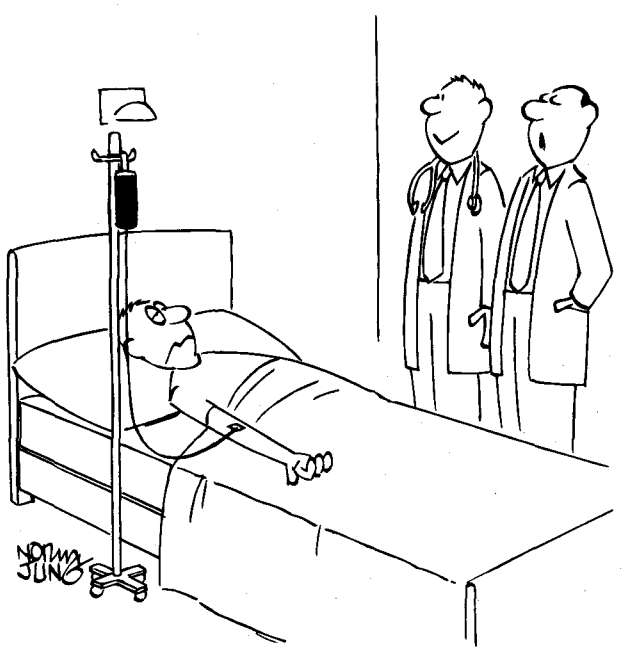
MAKING a command-and-control style of government management work is no easy matter. The government after all has had direct control over its own health schemes, Medicare and Medicaid, and yet their costs have soared.

Congress has made several attempts to get Medicare costs under control. When it was established in 1965 Medicare simply paid the going rates to doctors and hospitals. In 1983 Medicare began a so-called Prospective Payment System, under which it paid for hospital treatments via a pre-determined schedule of fees based on a classification of 487 diagnoses. A second "reform" in 1989 extended price controls to doctors. Called the Resource Based Relative Value System, this established 7,000 "procedure codes" and set prices for each. And yet total Medicare costs rose from $25 billion in 1978 to $88 billion in 1988 to $111 billion in 1990—and at the same time doctors are increasingly declining to take on Medicare patients out of frustration with the system of dictated fees.

Traditionally, governments budget the expenditure of their own resources, but in the health-care debate the adjective "global" is tagged on to "budget" to indicate that the government will try to control all spending, private as well as government. Alain Enthoven commented not long ago that the idea of global budgets is "akin to bombing from 35,000 feet": it has the advantage that "from your very high office in Washington, D.C., you do not see the people you are killing." This is not a frivolous metaphor: by placing arbitrary limits on health-care spending the government would force rationing of health services. Hospitals, for example, which found they were reaching their annual "budget" limit by November might have to suspend services until the new year. (It might be good for the Caribbean cruise business!) Others would simply slow operations or keep beds empty to stay within their federally imposed budget.

It is one thing for a National Health Board in Washington to run computer models that allocate global-spending limits among states based on a variety of demographic data. It will be quite another to administer it at the local level, where stories will emerge of the region's global budget forcing postponement of heart-bypass surgery, or causing the local Health Alliance to halt kidney transplants indefinitely because they are deemed low priority by some official. Deaths will be blamed on those global budgeters.

Even the Progressive Policy Institute (PPI)—an offshoot of the Democratic Leadership Council, of which Bill Clinton was a co-founder—recognizes the problem with direct price controls and global budgeting. Its handbook *Mandate for Change*, released in January, has a chapter on health reform (written by Jeremy Rosner, a former Common Cause researcher and Bob Kerrey aide) which says: "Since most budgeted plans do not change the system's inflationary incentives, their effect would be like putting a lid on a boiling pot without first turning down the heat."



"Actually, it's good old-fashioned chicken soup."

If Mrs. Clinton's Task Force does indeed recommend a Health Gosplan of direct controls, mandates, and global budgets, then there could be major realignments in the U.S. Congress. As long as the Task Force looked like adopting a middle-ground plan centered on managed competition, the groups on the right looked hopelessly outnumbered and isolated. If, however, the Task Force goes for a hard-left controls scheme—as looks increasingly likely—then the more conservative Democrats will feel abandoned by the Administration. If the Task Force proposal is bad enough, they may even be willing to look at something like the Heritage scheme, possibly leading to a a new pro-competition majority in Congress. Now *that* would be a truly unintended consequence of a government reform effort. □

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help

"I've decided to end it all, Larkin. Please drive into oncoming traffic."

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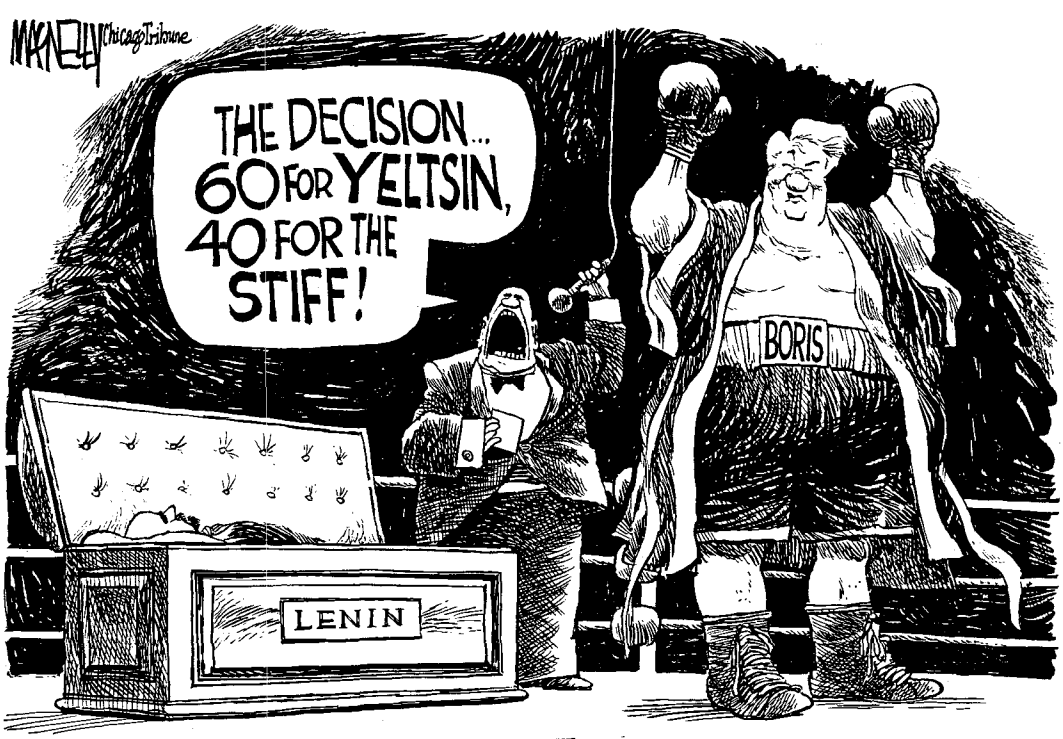
It's a Snakepit

Maneuvering with few, like Lee,
Dole and his doughty 43
Detain the Clintons at the pass,
Which White House stringers call a gas
Because they love to see a fuss
That eats at Stephanopoulos.

W. H. VON DREELE



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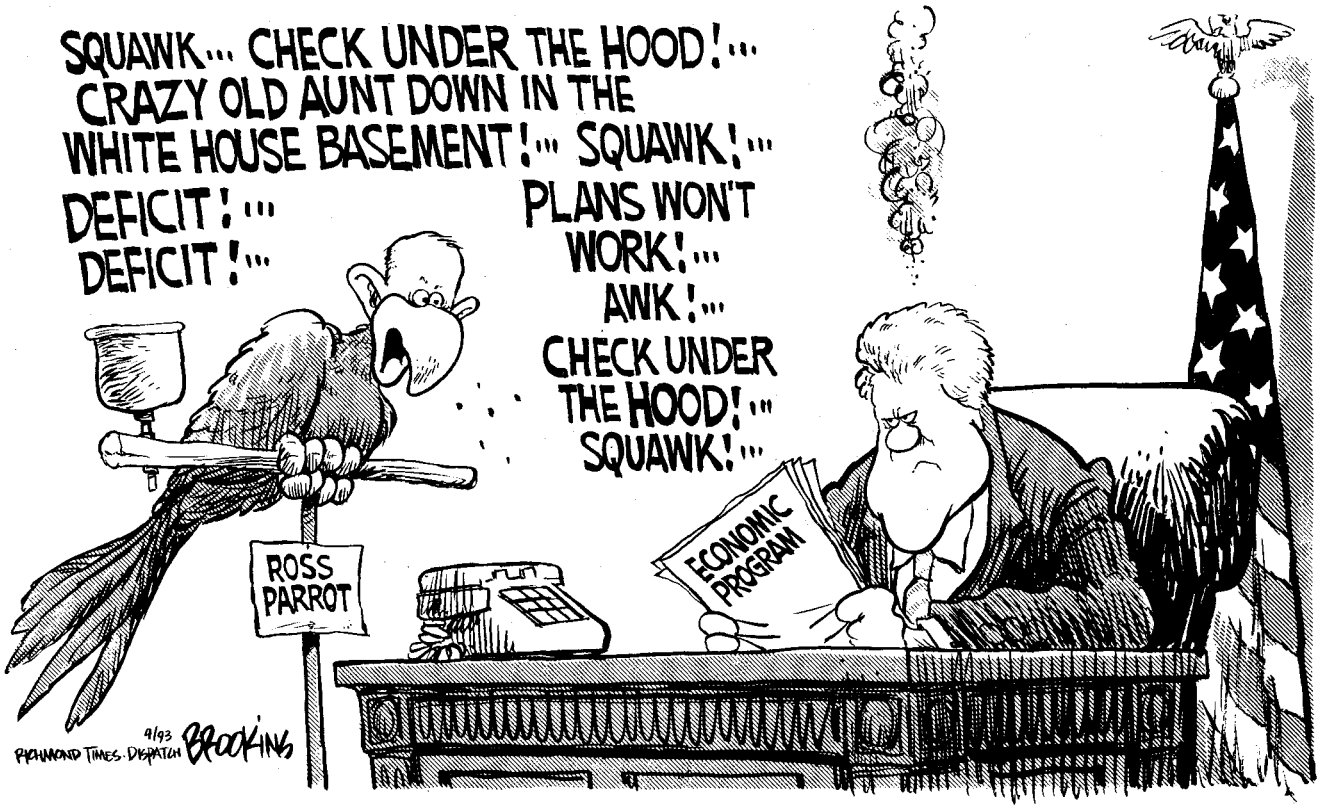
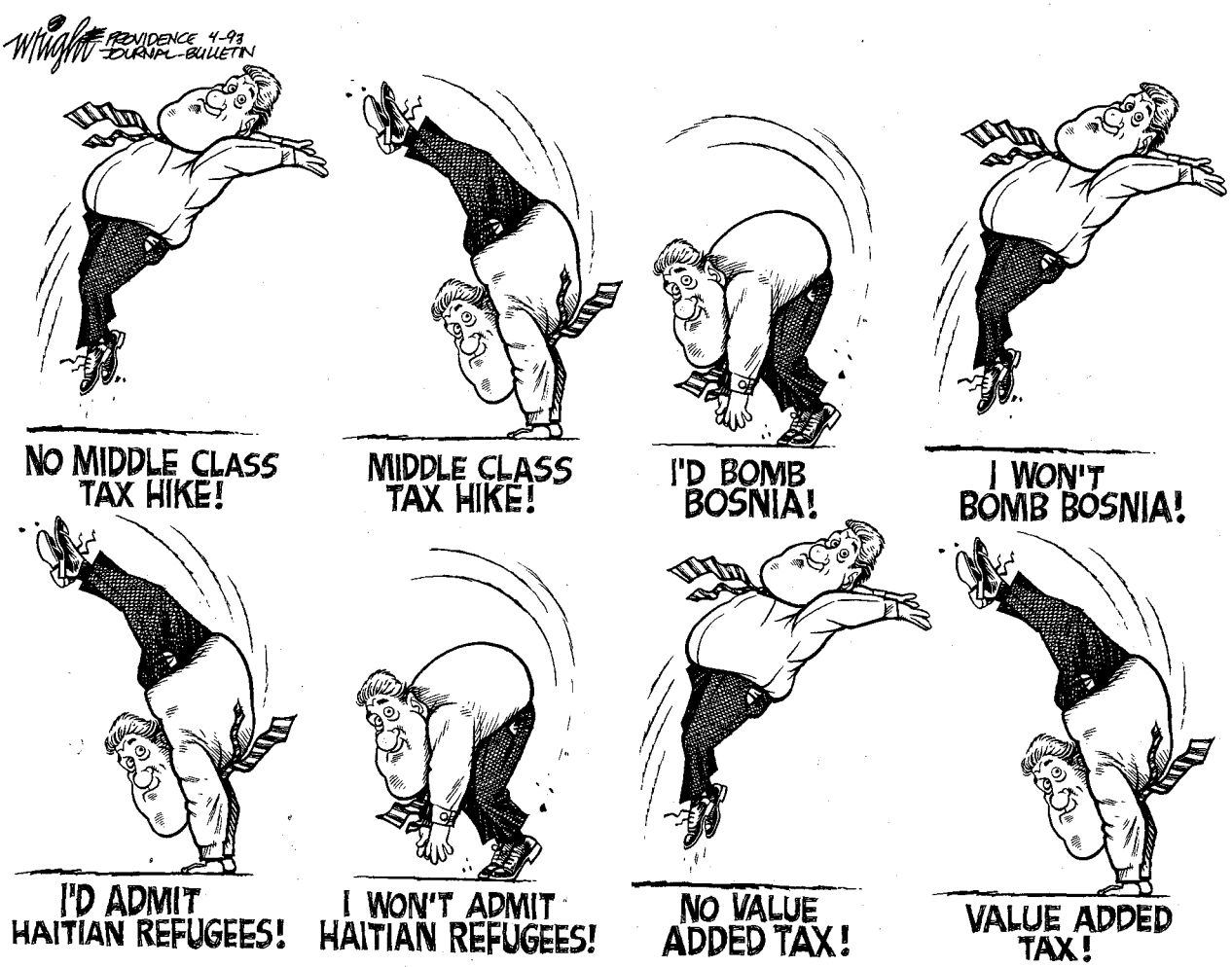

SQUAWK... CHECK UNDER THE HOOD!... CRAZY OLD AUNT DOWN IN THE WHITE HOUSE BASEMENT!... SQUAWK!... DEFICIT!... DEFICIT!...
PLANS WON'T WORK!... AWK!... CHECK UNDER THE HOOD!... SQUAWK!...
ROSS PARROT
ECONOMIC PROGRAM
9/93 BROOKINS
RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH


WRIGHT PROVIDENCE 4-93 JOURNAL-BULLETIN
NO MIDDLE CLASS TAX HIKE!
MIDDLE CLASS TAX HIKE!
I'D BOMB BOSNIA!
I WON'T BOMB BOSNIA!
I'D ADMIT HAITIAN REFUGEES!
I WON'T ADMIT HAITIAN REFUGEES!
NO VALUE ADDED TAX!
VALUE ADDED TAX!

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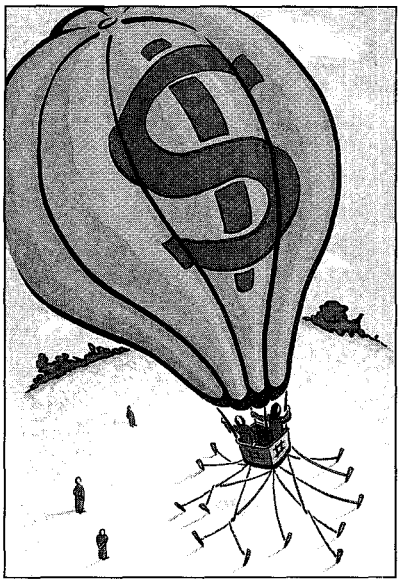

Watching Government Grow

VAT ATTACKS

Bill Clinton promised to help small business, create new jobs, and reduce the deficit, all while reducing the burden on the middle class. The real agenda seems rather different.

LAWRENCE KUDLOW

PERHAPS it's a clever ruse, a breathtaking ploy whereby President Clinton gave all the remaining liberal-left policy people in the United States jobs in his Administration just so he could keep a careful eye on them. Then, crafty politician that he is, the President permitted them to pull together the most liberal economic program since World War II, knowing full well that Congress—not to speak of the American taxpayers—would never support it.

Or then again, perhaps President Clinton actually believes in his program to increase taxes, re-regulate business, enlarge domestic spending, and extend international trade sanctions. In this more likely scenario, Clinton spent last year's election campaign spinning the most elaborate web of cognitive dissonance in recent political history.

At its center, this web was held together by a series of little white lies and policy deceptions. It seduced just enough marginal voters—especially Reagan Democrats—into believing that Clinton's refreshing activism would replace Bush's standpat austerity with a new wave of small-business expansion, job growth, and deficit reduction, without burdensome tax increases on middle-class families.

But, as it turns out, Clinton's new economic plan follows a very different script: rising domestic spending, very high taxes, and across-the-board re-regulation. The number of broken campaign promises and policy reversals continues to mount. After the proposed $75-billion energy tax, which will fall most heavily on small businesses and middle-income families, nothing illustrates Clinton's commitment to big government better than the recently resurfaced Value-Added Tax, which like a bad penny, keeps popping up in high-level Administration planning discussions.

Once and Future Tax

CLINTON insiders refer to the VAT as a "future" policy that would be used for deficit reduction (read: higher spending) as well as health-care finance. And make no mistake about it, government activism must be financed.

All during the campaign both Clinton and Gore asserted over and over that government-sponsored and directed universal health care would cost Americans less, not more, than the present system. Seasoned political observers wondered aloud about the validity of the much-used phrase "government cost control," surely one of the great oxymorons of our time. Practical budget hands wondered how expanding benefit eligibility to cover roughly 35 million additional people could possibly result in lower spending, especially given the 25-year history of Medicare and Medicaid spending overruns.

Gradually during Clinton's first hundred days the white lie was exposed. Health-care planners inside the Administration quietly leaked that universal coverage might add spending of some $30 to $100 billion after all. More recently the range has been ramped up to $100 to $150 billion. The problem, of course, is how to pay for it.

This is particularly the case in the context of the overall public disappointment with Clinton's budget package, in which taxes are raised roughly three times more than spending is reduced, domestic spending actually rises, and the projected deficit averages $240 billion in the next four years, barely lower than Bush's $260-billion average and nearly $100 billion above Ronald Reagan's last deficit in fiscal year 1989.

A second white lie relates to the financing issue, since, in an effort to attract Main Street shopkeepers and owners of small family businesses from the Republican Party, Clinton repeatedly promised not to increase payroll taxes. Then again, promises are made to be broken.

That said, the Clintonites now find themselves wedged between a rock and a hard place. To finance their government-engineering social agenda and still take care of traditional Democratic interest groups, the new Administration has already proposed steep income-tax hikes on individuals and businesses, a Social Security tax increase, and a large-scale energy levy. It has used up its sources of funding even before it has got to its health-care reform.

Mr. Kudlow, who with this issue joins NR *as a contributing editor, is chief economist at Bear, Stearns.*

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT PRINCE

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Enter the VAT, a favorite fiscal tool of European industrial planners and state collectivists. Fashionable among Clinton advisors is the notion that latter-day Germany and Jacques Delors's technocratic vision of European unity is a far more intelligent organization of economic resources than was ever created in the relatively free-market economy of the United States.

The problem with this "new Europe" is that it simply doesn't work. Far from the free-market entrepreneurial capitalism of Adenauer's Ludwig Erhard and de Gaulle's Jacques Rueff, today's Europe increasingly drifts toward larger government, higher taxes, and slower growth.

Take the four largest economies of Europe—Britain, France, Germany, and Italy—with a combined population of 250 million and GDP of roughly $5 trillion. Together these countries created a combined total of only 5 million new jobs in the past 12 years, with an average unemployment rate which today is just short of 10 per cent. Directing these sluggish economies, the average government budget share of GDP comes to slightly less than 50 per cent. Financing this massive government influence is a VAT system that averages 17 per cent.

What's more, the VAT rate has a habit of rising. This is because it is something of a stealth tax, not scored on yearly tax-date calculations nor appearing on sales-tax receipts at most stages of production. Because it is far less visible than income taxes, the VAT is more easily raised over time to finance the ever-rising tide of government expenditure.

In Britain, for example, the VAT, first imposed in 1973 at a 10 per cent rate, has grown to its present 17.5 per cent rate. Italy's started in 1973 at 12 per cent, and today is at 19 per cent. A smaller nation like Denmark moved the VAT from 10 to 22 per cent, while the Netherlands moved it from 12 to 20 per cent. Undoubtedly these trends are not lost on the Clintonites.

Yet the economically burdensome VAT has never solved the Europeans' chronic budget-deficit problems. Currently, the highest deficits among the big four are the United Kingdom, with a deficit of 7.6 per cent of GDP and a 17.5 per cent VAT, and Italy, with a 10.2 per cent deficit share of GDP and a 19 per cent VAT. Over the past decade, the E-4 generated an average 4.3

NATIONAL REVIEW

For All the Right Reasons

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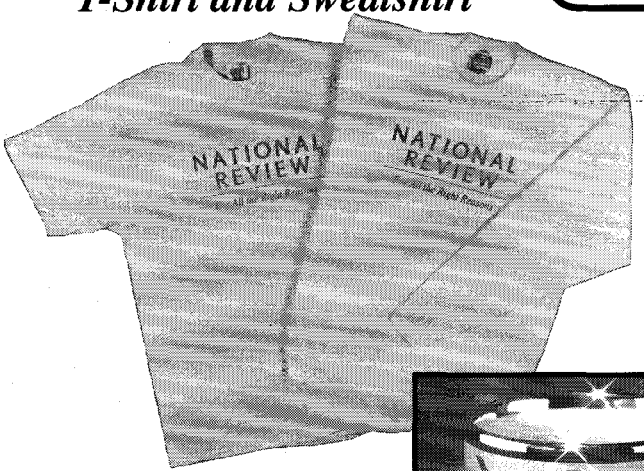

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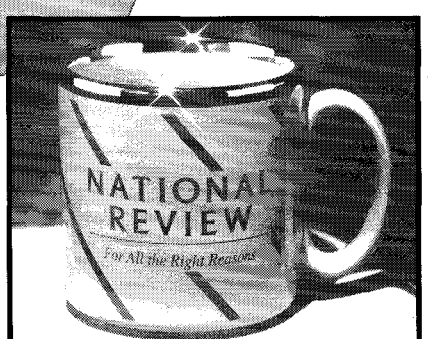

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per cent deficit share of GDP with a 17 per cent average VAT, while the U.S. ran a 3 per cent deficit share with no VAT.

The VAT-less U.S.

NOT ONLY does the U.S. show a lower deficit with no VAT, American economic performance has been well ahead of Europe's. During the past 12 years, including President Bush's dismal period, the U.S. economy generated 20 million new jobs, four times the number generated by Europe's largest economies. The U.S. unemployment rate today is 7 per cent and falling, 3 per cent below Europe's, and our VAT-less government share of GDP stands at 38 per cent, nearly a third smaller than Europe's. Hence there is no evidence to support the academy's fashionable view, propagated by Laura Tyson, Robert Reich, and Lester Thurow, that spend-and-VAT policies direct resources toward better economic performance.

The explanation for this is simple. People produce in order to consume. But the VAT drives a wedge between what they produce and what they consume. While a VAT is different from an income tax, the burden is just as damaging to the overall economy. The VAT is a tax on labor and production and, at the end, also a tax on consumption.

The very notion of taxing the "value added" should be seen clearly for what it is: a tax on business profits and individual wealth. Moreover, by fueling the growth of government, the VAT leaves a considerably smaller remaining share of the economy that works for profit and prosperity. This is why high-VAT nations in Europe have low economic performance.

What's more, an American VAT would be piled on top of current tax burdens—in addition to Clinton Administration proposals to raise income and energy and other sales taxes by $300 billion over the next five years. For some reason, most journalists keep repeating the mantra that a value-added tax will reduce consumption and raise investment. Nothing could be further from the truth.

A 5 per cent VAT applied at each stage of production and sales would generate an estimated $500 billion by 1998, according to the Congressional Budget Office. No tax relief on capital gains or business depreciation or IRA-type savings is contemplated in the Clinton plan. Individual and corporate income-tax rates will rise to a range of 36 to 40.2 per cent, along with the $75-billion energy tax, itself an add-on to the VAT.

A combined tax increase projected at $800 billion, or roughly 10 per cent of estimated 1998 GDP, couldn't possibly promote saving and investment, though it surely would impoverish consumers. Business costs will rise sharply, rendering the American firms far less profitable at home and much less competitive in the global marketplace.

Alongside higher tax rates on those families with the highest propensity to save and invest, Clinton's tax package will substantially dampen wealth creation, capital formation, and the economy's long-run potential to grow. Assuming that the Federal Reserve continues to take price stability as its goal, Clinton's scheme of both permanent and one-time tax increases will raise inflation and reduce output by roughly 2 per cent, reducing real economic growth to something like 1 to 2 per cent and raising inflation to 4 to 5 per cent, with a budget deficit that will rise at least $50 billion above Mr. Clinton's projections. For example, when Britain and Canada recently raised the VAT and other taxes, both found themselves with a witches' brew of simultaneous prolonged recession and higher inflation. In Canada, where the central bank leaned hard to offset tax-induced fiscal inflation, Prime Minister Brian Mulroney saw his approval rating drop to under 10 per cent. He was eventually forced to announce that he will resign in June. Both nations experienced much higher budget deficits.

Meanwhile, in another of his little white lies, President Clinton strenuously denied that a VAT was under consideration when his planners first leaked the idea last February. When Laura Tyson and Donna Shalala surfaced the idea again a few weeks ago, both Clinton and Gore promptly issued a series of non-denial denials. Just to rub salt into the wounds, the Clintonites managed to revive the VAT issue on the April 15 tax-payment day, thus putting a relatively obscure policy leak on the front pages of every newspaper in the country.

In Washington, where there's smoke there's usually fire. Breaking yet another campaign pledge, Clinton's national-health-care package will cost more money, and lots of it. As a result, tax burdens will in fact rise across the board, including on the middle class, thus breaking his second campaign promise a second time (the first middle-class tax promise had gone up in flames with the energy tax).

"He lost my vote when he promised everybody a job."

But the issues here are larger than health care and the Value-Added Tax. The Clinton Administration is driven by a philosophy and a set of values which strongly favor enlarged government and a sweeping use of its powers: government as investor; government as banker; government as industrial planner, as commercial regulator, as trade protector; government as doctor, as teacher, as parent. The size and scope of government will be

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expanded incomparably more than at any time since the 1930s. Unsurprisingly, President Clinton frequently cites Franklin Roosevelt's government activism as his favorite model.

Originally billing himself as a "new" Democrat, Mr. Clinton has veered sharply left in his first hundred days. His economic package was first advertised as a means to boost economic growth and lower the deficit. It will achieve neither. Instead, it is a grandiose plan of social engineering and income redistribution. Unless Senator Dole and others can stop it, Clintonism's leftward bent suggests that U.S. health care and tax policy will come more and more to resemble Europe's, and thence so will our economic performance. □

Memo to Bob Dole

A MODEL FOR CLINTON?

It may be too early to talk of a one-term President. If Jim Florio can be re-elected, anyone can.

BRIAN ROBERTSON

REINVIGORATED by their unexpected success in blocking President Clinton's "stimulus" package—a glorified bundle of pork-barrel spending—Republicans in Congress must now decide whether to take a similarly tough stand on the President's proposed tax hikes. Senator Dole and his colleagues may be tempted to go along with the tax hikes in order to avoid the impression of partisan obstructionism contributing to "gridlock." But one look at the experience of the GOP in New Jersey should be enough to tell them that this is a losing political strategy and with disastrous economic consequences.

Two years ago in New Jersey, about the only person less popular than Governor Jim Florio was Saddam Hussein. After pledging in his 1989 campaign not to raise taxes, Florio in 1990 rammed through the legislature the biggest tax hike in New Jersey history (and the biggest state tax hike in U.S. history up to that time). Florio's approval rating plummeted to 18 per cent, "Impeach Florio" bumper stickers were seen everywhere, there were raucous demonstrations outside the statehouse in Trenton, and Florio was treated as a political pariah by his fellow Democrats, who were trying desperately to shed the image of tax-and-spend liberalism. His prospects for re-election were judged to be nil.

Today the *New York Times* is running stories on Florio's political rehabilitation, President Clinton is citing him as a profile in courage who has faced tough realities in the face of popular pressure, and some polls show him running ahead of both the leading Republican contenders to replace him. While his negatives are still high for an incumbent, Florio now has a good chance of winning in November, an amazing prospect considering the damage his tax package has inflicted on New Jersey.

If Florio is re-elected, New Jersey Republicans have only themselves to blame. Promising to roll back Florio's $2.8-billion tax increase and to pass popular voter-initiative and referendum legislation, GOP candidates for the New Jersey legislature won big in the 1991 mid-term elections, gaining veto-proof majorities in both houses for the first time in 37 years. It was a golden opportunity to repudiate the tax-and-spend policies of the governor and put the state back on track.

Florio's package, with the same faulty reasoning as Clinton's, assumed that by doubling income-tax rates, imposing massive sales-tax hikes, and eliminating the deductibility of already oppressive property taxes, he would generate $2.8 billion in additional tax revenue. Not only were his estimates about $2 billion short, the new taxes had a devastating effect on the job market, with private-sector employment falling by almost 10 per cent in the next two years, leaving New Jersey with the second highest unemployment rate in the nation.

The subsequent loss in tax revenue meant that when Republicans took over the legislature in January 1992, they were looking at a budget deficit of

Mr. Robertson is a freelance writer living in Princeton, N.J.

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close to a billion dollars. Florio added to the fiscal crisis by presenting the legislature with a 1993 budget that increased spending by another billion, paying for it with taxes the Republicans had already promised to revoke. Florio reasoned that since New Jersey's constitution requires a balanced budget, the legislature would have to either cave in on the tax rollback or begin massive layoffs of state workers, both of which would have serious political consequences for the new majority.

The Republicans managed to slip between those two scenarios, but Florio was successful in his larger design of defusing the tax issue because of their fear of boosting the deficit. The legislature voted to revoke the penny increase in the state sales tax, but left in place the gas, property, and income taxes that made up the bulk of Florio's increase. And while they were able to trim a billion dollars from Florio's inflated budget, they did much of the trimming via one-time sources and gimmicks like state pension refinancing, instead of tougher choices like going after the out-of-control education budget. Not only did they fail to make much of a dent in Florio's tax hike, but after intensive lobbying from special interests, who didn't wish to have their influence on legislation impaired by ordinary citizens, the voter-initiative bill was resoundingly defeated, a major embarrassment for Assembly Speaker Chuck Haytaian, who had promised quick passage under a GOP majority.

Another issue that helped Florio was the legislature's botched attempt to repeal his ban on assault weapons, the toughest law of its type in the nation. Although it wasn't a major issue in the last campaign, individual Republicans received large contributions from the NRA on the basis of their position against the ban, and considering the size of the new Republican majorities, most thought repeal a foregone conclusion. But a combination of NRA strong-arming and Florio grandstanding provoked substantial grass-roots opposition to getting rid of the ban, and legislative Republicans started to waver. After Florio vetoed the repeal, Senate President DiFrancesco announced that he would defy the NRA by voting against an override. But standing up to the NRA at this point looked more like opportunism than courage, and Florio once again had made the Republican majority look foolish.

Misplaced Conciliation

NOW MANY are concerned that, through their efforts to get re-elected, Republican legislators may be undermining attempts to unseat Florio this year. The conciliatory approach to this year's budget is a case in point. The legislature's approval ratings have been lower even than Florio's in the last few years, and many legislators think this is due to voter frustration over "gridlock." So rather than opposing Florio on new spending, even if they had to provoke a budget "crisis" in the process, Republicans have signed off on such items as a $250-million increase in school aid, even though New Jersey already spends more money per public-school student than any other state in the country. Any notion that there is a new spirit of belt-tightening in Trenton was dispelled when Florio recently admitted to hiring eight thousand new state workers in the last year, despite a hiring freeze and threats of massive layoffs if there were any more tax cuts. But instead of holding Florio to account on this, the GOP is linking itself with him just because he has gone up slightly in the polls.

All this puts the Republicans running for governor in the difficult position of having to explain why the GOP majority in the legislature has agreed to increase spending in the face of a substantial structural deficit (the only reason such shenanigans were even possible was the $450 million in disputed Medicaid reimbursements that President Clinton promptly delivered to Florio in payment for his services during the campaign). The leading contenders, Christine Todd Whitman and W. Cary Edwards, have both denounced the governor's tax-and-spend policies, but whether voters will take Republican attacks on Florio seriously after the legislature's dismal performance remains to be seen.

Mrs. Whitman is clearly the Republican to beat at this point, although she hasn't evoked much enthusiasm

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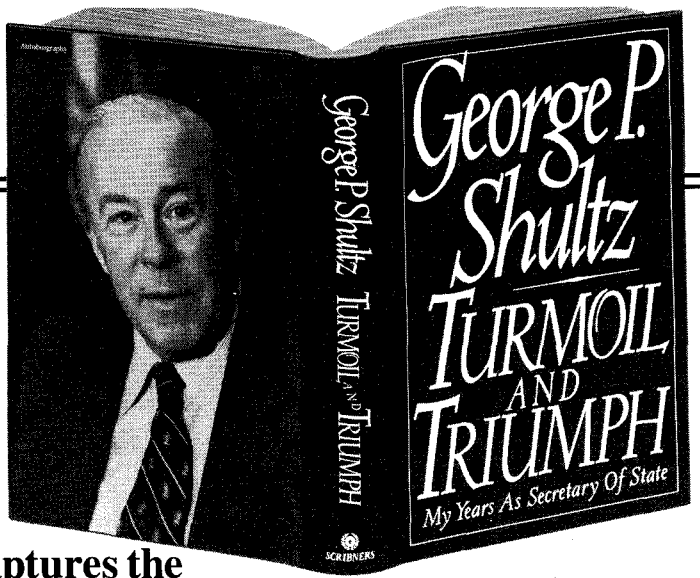
among the rank-and-file. In 1990 as a virtual unknown with almost no political experience, she had been chosen by the New Jersey Republican apparatus as a sacrificial lamb in the race against incumbent Senator Bill Bradley. In the event, she came within a whisker of beating him, causing her supporters to promote her as New Jersey's rising conservative star. However, the near-victory was a measure not of her popularity but of the intensity of the anti-Florio sentiment in the aftermath of the tax hike. Bradley attempted to steer clear of the tax controversy, refusing to denounce Florio outright, and the evasion was nearly enough to defeat him anyway.

The softness of Mrs. Whitman's support is apparent in the latest polls, which show her running almost 10 points behind Florio, even though voters would prefer "someone else" to Florio by about the same margin. Edwards fared even worse in the same poll. In other words, people would like to vote for someone other than Jim Florio, but not Christine Todd Whitman or Cary Edwards.

Precisely because she was considered a sure loser Mrs. Whitman underwent very little public scrutiny in 1990, but that is not the case in this year's campaign. Some of the dropoff in her numbers is due to her admission, one day after Zoë Baird, that she had employed an undocumented couple to care for her children for a period of three and a half years and had failed to pay their taxes. If she makes it through the primary, Mrs. Whitman has several other drawbacks, including the fact that she paid only $48 in property taxes on her 53-acre estate last year by getting it assessed as "farmland" because she owns a few cows. That might not sit too well with voters who pay some of the highest property taxes in the nation.

Almost comically, Edwards followed Mrs. Whitman's confession of having employed illegal help later in the same day with similar revelations of his own. More importantly, Edwards has even less of a constituency than Mrs. Whitman. His big theme is "making government more businesslike"; he continually emphasizes his underprivileged, working-class background in contrast with Mrs. Whitman's inherited wealth, which sounds a little strange coming from a man who pulls down big bucks with one of the largest



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law firms in the state. His campaign has been marked chiefly by a reluctance to take a stand on anything. After weeks of hedging on the assault-weapons ban, Edwards resolutely stated that he was "not going to say" whether or not he supported repeal of the ban, because it would "play into the hands" of Florio. Mrs. Whitman's judgment that Edwards is running like an old-style party hack who will "say or do anything to get elected" doesn't seem far from the mark.

A Fresher Face

THE ONLY candidate talking about issues of any substance is former Republican state senator James Wallwork, who entered the race in March. An ex-Marine, Wallwork emphasizes—in Ross Perot fashion—that he is the only candidate who has run a business and met a payroll. More interestingly, he is the only candidate who has pledged to roll back "every dime" of the original Florio tax hike, and he calls for legislation requiring a 60 per cent "super-majority" of the legislature to approve any new taxes.

That and his endorsement of both term limits and the voter-initiative bill have won Wallwork the support of conservative activists around the state, with the crucial exception of pro-lifers, who, as usual, are being ignored by the New Jersey GOP. Like the other two candidates, he reflects the conventional wisdom that only an abortion-on-demand position can win a statewide election in New Jersey; they ignore the exit polls indicating that Congressman Jim Courter's loss in 1990 resulted more from waffling on his pro-life stance than it did from the stance itself. Wallwork is almost certainly writing off a ready-made constituency that could help him wrest the nomination from the Planned Parenthood types who dominate the state party. Since the party establishment is lining up behind Christine Whitman and Cary Edwards, it's unlikely that Wallwork can win, even though his pro-taxpayer positions would make him a stronger candidate against Florio in November.

Word is that James Carville, who is running the Florio campaign, would prefer to run against Mrs. Whitman, but count on the crafty Cajun to exploit the legislature's blunders no matter who the candidate is. There is still considerable anger among New Jersey voters about high taxes, runaway spending, and unresponsive, corrupt politicians, but today, unlike two years ago, it is directed at both parties. Ross Perot successfully tapped that anger, winning almost 20 per cent of the vote and putting New Jersey firmly in the Clinton column. Despite the euphoria that followed its sweeping victory two years ago, the New Jersey GOP isn't going anywhere unless it addresses the source of that anger instead of just trying to exploit it.

One person who will be watching the race very carefully is Carville's old boss, Bill Clinton. If Florio can be re-elected after socking it to the middle class with his tax-and-spend policies, so can Slick Willie; that is, as long as Republicans worry more about "gridlock" than they do about taxpayers.

When Clinton claims that the proposed $316 billion in new taxes over the next five years will stimulate growth and cut the budget deficit, Congress should remember the plight of New Jersey, where rather than generating revenue, higher taxes led to economic stagnation. If New Jersey is any indication, Americans can look forward to a huge drop in sales and personal income, and a substantial growth in both unemployment and the deficit if the President's tax package makes it through Congress. And if Republicans don't put up a fight, they won't be able to point the finger at Clinton when things turn sour. Bob Dole, call your office. □

Sacred Cows

TRIAL BY JUDGES

Trial by jury is a shibboleth we can no longer afford. But there is still a place for *vox populi*.

CHRISTIE DAVIES

IN ALL THE wringing of hands about race, civil rights, and the relations between police and public occasioned by the Rodney King verdicts, no one has dared to criticize that sacred cow, "trial by jury." No institution competing in the marketplace would ever survive if at its core it had a system of decision-making like this, one which is about as reliable as an examination of the entrails of a ritually sacrificed free-range rooster.

Behind each erroneous conviction there lies a muddled jury of 12 more or less good, supposedly true, men, women, and hobbledehoys. Since most states do not demand any kind of qualification based on property or education, the dullest citizens may sit on a jury. Juries are also erratically skewed by the attempts by prosecution, and even more by defense, lawyers to cross-examine, challenge, and choose individual jurors until they get the jury composition they want, a process made even easier if they can also choose *where* the trial is held. In so doing they undermine the very rationale of the jury as a random representation of the people at large. The very principle of the random selection of jurors is itself a dubious one for other reasons. No one in his senses would entrust an important decision in his life—where to live, what job to apply for, whether to have an operation, what shares to buy—to a random sample of 12 people, and yet we place our system of criminal justice in their uncertain hands. In some districts, no doubt, the jurors are above average, but in others they are stupid, feckless, illiterate, and felonious in thought and undetected deed. Does it really redress the balance if these same wretched ju-

Mr. Davies is Professor of Sociology at the University of Reading and co-author of Wrongful Imprisonment: Mistaken Convictions and Their Consequences.

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rors are mugged and raped on their way home by the villains they have just acquitted?

Getting It Wrong

NOT ONLY do jurors wrongly acquit, they also falsely convict, and there are many innocent men and women sitting in jails throughout America because a jury got it wrong. The studies of wrongful imprisonment by Edward Radin, Edwin M. Borchard, Jerome and Barbara Frank, E. S. Gardner, and E. B. Block cite a frightening number of such cases. In addition to the famous instances they discuss, there are many other unknown, not very articulate, wrongly imprisoned individuals whose plight is not going to gain the attention of legal crusaders or those with influence in the mass media. They are alleged rapists who have been set up by vindictive women whose favors they once enjoyed but later spurned. They are small-businessmen done for "serious" fraud who were quite incapable of keeping one set of account books let alone two. They are all unfashionable little people, and no newspaper or television station is going to invest substantial sums of money in investigating their cases. They are all in prison because juries are no shrewder or more experienced than you or I and usually a lot less so.

Should these unfortunates take their case to appeal, they will get nowhere, because appeals courts see their task as being to look for minor and irrelevant errors in legal procedure rather than to re-examine the facts, however flagrantly absurd the jury's verdict may have been. Appeals courts may be barred by the state constitution from considering questions of fact at all, and, even when they are allowed to do so, they are reluctant to declare that the jury got it wrong. Even if in private the appeals judges think that the jurors were dolts, they will not say so, but will scrabble around trying to find a minor procedural error that will allow them to set aside the verdict. The worst position for an innocent defendant to be in is for the trial to be conducted impeccably and for the jury then perversely to convict. The appeals judges are then unable to criticize the trial procedure and will not criticize the jury, so the defendant stays in prison.

The jury is quite unlike all other tribunals, which have to give reasons for their decisions and to show how evidence is linked by logic to produce a conclusion. The jury is an oracle, a secret anonymous conclave swayed by unknown and unknowable prejudices and mental aberrations. Its decisions cannot be criticized or easily overturned because no one has any idea how it arrived at them. For appeals judges to speculate too much on the perceptions and reasoning of jurors would be to rob the jury of its primitive sacred quality. So they have no choice but to hide behind these bookless sibyls or to attack, sometimes unfairly, their judicial colleague's handling of the original trial.

If we are to have a rational method of reaching verdicts in criminal trials that also gives proper scope for appeal, then the jury must be replaced by a small team of experienced professional legal assessors. They would have to provide open, reasoned, and explicit reports saying how and why they reached their verdict.

The jury, however, ought to be retained in some capacity, as it is a part of democracy, a means of involving the ordinary citizen in the making of decisions within the criminal-justice system. The task for which the jury *is* eminently suited is that of sentencing. Juries should be entrusted with the task of deciding what penalty (within limits laid down by the state legisla-

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tures) should be imposed on those convicted by the new tribunals described above. Judge and jury should thus swap places.

Judges are by virtue of their training and experience better at deciding questions of fact as well as law than are the inexperienced members of a jury. However, when it comes to sentencing, judges are sometimes quirky and erratic and hand out bizarre sentences that indicate their ignorance of the moral priorities of the mass of the population. This situation can be rectified by letting the jury decide the sentence. The jury, being a random sample of the public, by definition represents the moral indignation of the community at large far better than any panel of judges, criminologists, or market researchers could ever do. Individual men and women differ enormously in intellectual capacity and thus in their ability to arrive at a correct decision, but they are democratically though arbitrarily equal in their power of telling right from wrong. In a democracy consciences are equal, however unequal brains may be. Not cloistered judges out of touch with popular sentiment but the people themselves should assess the heinousness of particular crimes and thus the appropriate sentence. Let the judges become the jury and the jury the judges. □

The La Penca Bombing

THE CASE OF THE DANISH ASSASSIN

The Left knows who trired to kill the popular Comandante Cero. Or does it?

MARTIN AROSTEGUI

SPECIAL PROSECUTOR Lawrence Walsh spent six years going after every Reagan Administration Cabinet or intelligence official who might have had anything to do with aiding the Nicaraguan Contras when doing so was allegedly fobidden by Congress. But the conduct of the Marxist side in the Central American conflict has escaped any such scrutiny, and a screen of disinformation has been permitted to obscure the truth about a terrorist atrocity committed in one of the closing battles of the Cold War.

In June 1984, a bomb exploded at a press conference held by Contra leader Edén Pastora ("Comandante Cero") at La Penca, a jungle outpost straddling Nicaragua's border with Costa Rica. Pastora himself was only slightly wounded, but a U.S. newswoman was killed and a score of international journalists were seriously injured. The bomber—who posed as a Danish news photographer—was also wounded, but managed to escape before his identity was established. A book, a television documentary, and even a law suit (filed by the left-wing Christic Institute) have tried to pin the blame for the attack on the usual suspects of left-wing conspiracy theories: anti-Castro Cubans, CIA agents, the Mafia, the military-industrial complex, with even a "right-wing Libyan" thrown in for good measure. But fresh evidence supports a more obvious conclusion: that the bombing was commissioned by the Sandinista government with the assistance of Cuba in a bid to decapitate the anti-Communist resistance movement.

The CIA assassination theory was promoted in the book *In Search of the Assassin* by British journalist Susie Morgan, who was critically wounded in the bombing and had to undergo months of hospitalization and several operations to save her life. She was steered toward the CIA theory by an American couple freelancing as journalists in Costa Rica, Tony and Martha Avirgan. According to the U.S. Ambassador in Costa Rica at the time, Curtin Winsor, the Avirgans were suspected of being paid agents of the Sandinistas. Tony would openly boast about his efforts, during his student days, to sabotage U.S. Air Force transports moving supplies to overseas bases. Costa Rican sources maintained that money had been seen changing hands between Tony Avirgan and officials of the Nicaraguan Embassy.

Miss Morgan quotes a memo she received from Martha Avirgan just as her investigation was getting under way: "We have now solved the La Penca case, basically we were right all along. It was a CIA plot involving John Hull [an American rancher in Costa Rica with strong anti-Communist feelings who cooperated in efforts to aid the Contras], Cubans from Miami and northern FDN [Frente Democratico Nicaragüense] Contras. The bomber is a right-wing anti-Qaddafi Libyan named Amac Galil."

In addition to her own book, Susie Morgan also worked on a British film documentary about La Penca, produced by a woman named Judy Jackson. Miss Morgan describes their trek through Central America in search of the mystery bomber. At one point the frustrated Miss Jackson bursts into tears as one of the many con men approaching them with "evidence" about Amac Galil's CIA connection disappears with $2,000 and cannot be found again.

The two women had chosen to disregard the first thing Pastora had told them, according to Miss Morgan's own account of their interview with the former Contra leader:

> Two weeks before the press conference when he had been deep inside Nicaragua, Pastora had been contacted by "Hansen," the bomber himself. Hansen had put through a call on Pastora's radio telephone and had offered him money for an interview and photo session, something that no professional journalist would do. And then, a month after the explosion, something had kept niggling at his mind. He thought he had seen the Dane somewhere before. Searching his memory, he thought Hansen may have

Mr. Arostegui is a freelance journalist specializing in paramilitary affairs.

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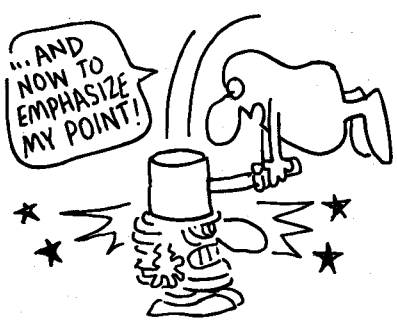
been a member of the hit squad that had assassinated Somoza (the Nicaraguan president overthrown by the Sandinistas) in Asunción, Paraguay (where he had gone into exile in 1980). Somoza's limousine had been blown to bits in broad daylight on a main street. The official Sandinista line was that the operation was carried out by left-wing Argentine guerrillas independently of the Sandinistas. The unofficial version was that although the operation had involved Argentine guerrillas the whole thing had been authorized by Managua. Pastora would be likely to have known some of the members of such a team through his former role as Sandinista deputy defense minister.

"I nonetheless found this story unlikely," Miss Morgan asserts, and moves on to question Pastora about the problems he was having with his CIA backers and with other Contra leaders who were pressuring him to join his small force with the much larger FDN. Pastora's resistance to these appeals was, according to the Avirgans, the true motive behind the plot to kill him, which was supposedly hatched in minute detail at John Hull's Costa Rican ranch between the anti-Qaddafi Libyan and his CIA paymasters as the anti-Castro Cubans looked on.

Tracking Oliver North

SUSIE MORGAN becomes convinced that La Penca is tied to the Iran–Contra scandal. She and Miss Jackson are so upset about not finding the thread that leads to Oliver North's basement office in the White House that they fail to connect what Pastora tells them with what they learned from a Swedish television producer who traveled with the right-wing Libyan Dane to the fateful press conference. Describing Hansen as a cold and rather dispassionate sort of character, Peter Torbiornsson recalls being surprised to see him get all excited when Somoza's assassination came up in the course of conversation. "It was the only time that I saw him get really animated," Torbiornsson told Susie Morgan. "He kept asking me to describe everything known about the assassination." That the "Dane" hardly spoke Danish did not surprise the Swede, who believed that Hansen was one of many Latin American political exiles living in Europe in the Sixties and Seventies, and that his nationality had been acquired. Torbiornsson thought Hansen was of either Argentine or Uruguayan origin.

Jorge Ricardo Massetti—a former leader of the Argentine ERP (People's Revolutionary Army) who is now writing his memoirs of the guerrilla operations he mounted for the Cuban and Sandinista governments—saw close-up photographs taken at the press conference and recognized "Hansen" as a fellow member of the ERP. According to Massetti, "Hansen"—whom he knew as Alberto Martín Díaz—got into terrorism through the Junta de Coordinación Revolucionaria (JCR), a support network for Latin American guerrilla groups which operated out of Europe in the Seventies. Right-wing military takeovers in Argentina and



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other South American countries had forced revolutionary movements to seek safe haven abroad. The JCR was financially backed by the ERP to coordinate propaganda, recruitment, and logistics for guerrilla activity all over Latin America. At the time the ERP had amassed considerable financial resources through ransoms from kidnappings in Argentina.

"He was only a sympathizer of our movement when we first met" around 1978, Massetti recalls. Massetti has particular reason to remember his encounters with the future assassin at JCR political meetings in Paris: Díaz's middle name, Martín, was the same as Massetti's alias, and they were often mistaken for each other.

They would meet again in Nicaragua in 1979 shortly after the Sandinistas' overthrow of the Somoza dynasty. Massetti had fought in the final offensive against the old dictatorship along with another half-dozen members of the ERP who had come over from Europe the previous year. Díaz had arrived on the heels of the Marxist victory to undergo basic military training at the Sandinista school for militias, located in the outskirts of Managua.

Organizing a totalitarian police state with the close assistance of Cuba's Intelligence Directorate (DGI), Sandinista Interior Minister Tomás Borge, a personal friend of Fidel Castro's, formed a special section called Fifth Directorate (D-5), headed by his deputy, Lenín Cerna. D-5 was charged with conducting terrorist operations outside Nicaragua. Hit men of different nationalities were required in order to mask Sandinista involvement in these actions, and the ERP became part of D-5.

Heading the Sandinista hit list were exiled members of the Somoza family and its defeated National Guard. The ERP took two weeks to set up the assassination of Comandante Bravo, a National Guard colonel organizing resistance against the Sandinistas from neighboring Honduras. An ERP hit team was dispatched under various aliases to lure Bravo into a meeting at a rented villa outside the Honduran capital, Tegucigalpa. Falling for the trap, Bravo was shot in the neck with a silenced pistol as he entered the house unarmed.

While Díaz was learning the basics of weapons handling and demolition at the training camp in Nicaragua, he sided with the more militant tendency in the ERP, which favored renewing armed struggle in his native Argentina. Others, like Massetti, were more cautious, pointing out that conditions in Argentina at the time did not favor guerrilla tactics. It was Díaz's reckless enthusiasm for terrorism which would eventually lead to his death in 1989 in a widely publicized assault against the army barracks of La Tablada outside Buenos Aires.

Massetti was not in on the plan to assassinate Somoza because he had been recruited by the DGI to run intelligence operations in support of guerrilla activity elsewhere in Latin America. But the ERP was the natural choice for that operation, as Somoza's home in exile in Paraguay was near the Argentine border.

In his travels in and out of Cuba for specialized training and debriefings, Massetti came across Díaz again only a few months before Somoza's assassination in 1981. The up-and-coming terrorist was now receiving advanced instruction in intelligence and special operations in Havana. He was learn-

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ing sophisticated skills in karate, code communications, identity laundering, and handling all types of weapons and explosives, especially those from the "capitalist bloc." Massetti encountered Díaz at a villa reserved for the ERP in Hanava's elegant district of Miramar, which is also the residential section for the diplomatic corps.

The last time Massetti met Díaz was back in Nicaragua in 1982, by which time the trained hit man was a full member of the ERP cell working for the Sandinista Department of State Security. They chatted at the safehouse in Managua where Díaz said that he had already participated in an important operation, although he did not specify which one.

The Basque Connection

IN 1983 several members of the Basque terrorist organization ETA were rounded up in the Costa Rican capital, San José. They had been observed surveying the homes of Edén Pastora and another Contra leader, Alfonso Robelo, who, like Pastora, had originally sided with the Sandinistas against the Somoza dictatorship. Under questioning by the Costa Rican security service, Organización de Investigación Judicial (OIJ), two of the Basque terrorists confessed to their ties with the Sandinista government.

On this basis, the U.S. State Department openly speculated at the time that the La Penca bombing had been committed by a member of ETA working for the Sandinistas. As it turns out, State had the correct contractor but not the exact subcontractor. The terrorist network operating out of Managua at that time was more complex than many American analysts could fathom. The ETA did not usually supply the trigger men for Sandinista-sponsored assassinations, providing intelligence and logistical support instead. The ETA's role in the operation against Pastora may have also included supplying falsified travel documents to the hit man and smuggling the C-4 plastic explosives into Costa Rica.

Pastora had been a high-priority target for the Sandinistas ever since he defected in 1981 because of his disagreement with the increasing Cuban and Soviet control over Nicaragua. He was a strong rallying point for other disillusioned revolutionaries. His legendary exploits during the insurrection against Somoza, including the siege of Somoza's parliament to secure the release of political prisoners (such as Tomás Borge), had earned him a heroic reputation.

Managua had commissioned a wide range of operations against Pastora. Some months before the ETA was caught surveying his home, there had already been an attempt to kill him with a bomb concealed in a briefcase. While Díaz stalked him in the jungle, a backup assassination was being planned in San José by other members of the ERP. This urban operation, run by a terrorist couple code-named "El Turco and Maritsa," would have involved ambushing Pastora in his car on a downtown street.

Coast Rican OIJ investigations indicate that during a brief stay in San José under his Danish newsman's cover, Díaz was seen at a hotel in the company of a woman who had entered Costa Rica on a stolen French passport. She is suspected of being María Lourdes de Palacios, a niece of Somoza's who was a double agent for the Sandinistas, according to public statements by Borge in 1988.

The explosion at La Penca killed two Latin American journalists as well as Linda Frazier, an American correspondent for the Associated Press and a mother of four. She was also one of the few foreign journalists in Central America at the time who wrote positively about the Contras. The reaction of the other terrorists back in Managua at seeing the picture of their hit man prominently displayed in the press was: "*¡Que huevón!* [roughly translated as: What a jerk!] Couldn't he at least have covered his face?" Díaz was photographed as he lay wounded by his own bomb: the force of its explosion had been diverted because the camera case containing it had been accidentally kicked over, changing its orientation. Thus Pastora got away with only light injuries, while several people who should have been standing safely outside its range were killed or injured, including the bomber and, coincidentally, Tony Avirgan, who was filming the news conference. Despite being hospitalized, Díaz managed to get out of Costa Rica before he could be positively identified.

In Washington, Ambassador Otto Reich, who headed the State Department's Office of Public Diplomacy for Latin America and the Caribbean, tried in vain to initiate an investigation to clear up the incident. He could not get the funding that he needed, and despite assurances from the CIA, its agents did not come up with much. Reich could do little except put two and two together and brief the press with the theory about the ETA.

Then the General Accounting Office started to investigate allegations that the State Department was engaging in domestic propaganda. Despite no evidence of malfeasance, Reich's office was closed down and he was sent to Venezuela.

The CIA's Failure

THE U.S. Government's dereliction in not finding out more about a widely publicized terrorist incident which killed a U.S. citizen was a factor that allowed the vine of disinformation to grow around La Penca. Susie Morgan leaves no doubt about her leftist inclinations, but one can hardly blame her for being suspicious when the OIJ informs her, years after the bombing, that no forensic analysis ever came back on the detonator and other bits from the explosive device which the Costa Ricans handed over to the CIA.

The CIA's competence in counterterrorism was well known in Managua. Massetti recalls reviewing U.S. intelligence files on the ERP which had fallen into the hands of the Sandinistas: "They had most of our names correct on their computer list but had little idea of what was really going on. The one they thought headed our organization in Europe was nothing more than a decoy. The Americans thought he was important because he drove around in a Mercedes wearing an expensive suit and a Rolex watch, when those of us who really counted in the movement lived very simply for the precise purpose of not calling attention to ourselves."

Alberto Martín Díaz now rests in his grave, alongside other casualties of the last spasm of left-wing guerrilla violence in Argentina. But despite the resounding defeat of the Sandinistas by Violeta Chamorro's Democratic Front in free elections in 1990, those who gave Díaz his orders remain untouchable and in control of security services in Managua—and Havana. □

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THE VICE PRESIDENT

WASHINGTON

April 20, 1993

Dear Rusty,

Hi from Poland! That's right, Rusty, I'm in Poland. Over Poland, actually. I'm writing this on my Apple PowerBook in my seat on Air Force Two. Tipper's here and she says "Hi."

It's funny. Here I am sitting on an airplane writing a letter to you on a computer the size of my Robert F. Kennedy award-winning bestseller Earth in the Balance, and when you read this, you'll be sitting in a tent in the middle of the Rain Forest.

Just thinking about it reminds me of the Yavapai Indians. They believe that we're all connected by the Medicine Wheel of Life, and we're inhabited by different spirits at different times. Right now, for instance, I'm inhabited by the Eagle Spirit because I'm soaring above the Earth. You're the Bear, Rusty, because you're Earthbound. Tipper's the Sparrow because she's talking on the cellular phone to Hazel O'Leary, Bill's and my Secretary of Energy.

Anyway, the point is, everyone has a place on the Wheel. And that's the Yavapai philosophy in a nutshell. Well, that and legalized gambling on the reservation. But I've seen the plans and I can assure you the casinos will be very respectful of Yavapai tradition.

The trip to Poland was the first big foreign-policy trip of my career. Oh sure, when I was in the Senate, I went on hundreds of foreign-policy trips. But this one was different, somehow. Maybe because it was to a cold place. In the Senate, we mostly concentrated our policymaking trips on the Caribbean Basin.

And boy, was it cold! I was touring a Polish factory town, and I was trying to explain to a local official the concept of global warming. "The globe is getting warmer," I said. The official nodded and smiled. "Yes, yes," he said, "in the spring, in the spring." "No, no," I said, "not spring but forever." He looked at me strangely. "Summer?" he asked. "No, no. Warm forever. Very hot. All the time. Because of the factories," I explained, pointing at the factories.

The official didn't understand. "Then is winter. Very cold. Colder than now," he said, and he pulled his jacket tighter and put on his fur hat.

Global warming is hard to explain. Especially to someone who lives in a really cold place.

The rest of the trip was a lot less exciting than that. Back home was where the action was. I'll be totally honest with you: the honeymoon is over. First, Bill's stimulus package was killed in the Senate by the Republicans, who don't understand the concept of "minority party." I mean, if you're a minority, you should keep your mouth shut and go along. That's what Dad always said.

Then this Waco thing happened, and once again Bill looked a little foolish. I feel sorry for him. I think he needs a hug.

"Tipper," I said last night, after a diplomatic dinner, "I think Bill needs me to come home. Things are falling apart back there." "I know," Tipper said. And then she kind of grinned and said, "Think anyone will notice?"

"Notice what?" I asked.

Tipper sighed and rolled her eyes. I guess she was tired. "Notice that when you leave the country for six days, things in Washington go haywire. Republican senators, your former colleagues, people you can reason with, hand Hillary her first big defeat . . ." She kind of stopped here and sort of shuddered. I think Tipper actually feels HRC's pain.

She went on: "Then there's the Waco tragedy. Donna Shalala proposing a VAT. Bill's record low approval ratings. Stephanopoulos losing his cool—"

"Don't forget Hazel O'Leary's shocking retreat on CAFE standards," I interjected.

Tipper smiled and held up the cellular phone. "Don't worry about her," she said. "It's all taken care of." I suddenly felt kind of sorry for Hazel.

"I just wish I was there to help," I said.

"But you weren't, Al. And that's the important thing. All these things happened while you were out of town, Al."

"Right. I wasn't there to help Bill. To be his partner. We're best friends, you know."

"I know, Al. Believe me, I know. The point is, you weren't in town to take the blame."

"The blame for what?"

"For what happened when you were out of town."

I still didn't get what Tipper was saying. To be honest, even now I don't. "Tipper," I said after a moment, "let me get this straight in my head. If I wasn't in town, how could I be expected to take the blame for any of those mistakes?"

She looked at me for a long time, kind of quizzically. "Good night, Al," she said.

The Yavapai have a saying, Rusty: "Women are a mystery." How true!

Write back, Al

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The Future of an Illusion

LLEWELLYN H. ROCKWELL JR.

WHAT is the proper role of the central government? Most conservatives and libertarians would say, defend the borders, mint sound money, and that's about it. As it happens, the laws of economics as well as the natural patterns of social development support such a minimalist view. Yet we face a gargantuan state claiming sovereignty over our families, our businesses, our schools, our property, and our health. And President Clinton's Newer Deal can only make things vastly worse.

What to do? For one thing, we can recognize with Albert Jay Nock that our enemy is the state. It is no coincidence that Lenin, Stalin, Hitler, Mao, and Pol Pot were government officials. We also need more books to tell us, in the Nockian tradition, about the futility and ferocity of the modern statist project. *The Illusion of Choice* is not such a book.

In fact, Andrew Bard Schmookler, an associate of what sounds like the think tank from Hell (Harvard University's Center for Psychological Studies in the Nuclear Age), calls for a much bigger state. The "spiraling arms race revealed something terribly wrong about our civilization," he says, and so does "our ceaselessly escalating race for material wealth." Oh sure, we can buy a "bowl's worth of oatmeal" for "a few pennies," but the market "neglects the penniless." Having "so much, we remain hungry" and are "devouring the earth." (Mmmm, pass me a piece of Central America, please.)

The Illusion of Choice: How the Market Economy Shapes Our Destiny, by Andrew Bard Schmookler (State University of New York Press, 349 pp., $15.95)

Market Liberalism: A Paradigm for the 21st Century, edited by David Boaz and Edward H. Crane (Cato Institute, 404 pp., $15.95)

In order to elevate the environment over mankind and the penniless over the productive—two of the imperatives of the Schmooklerian social order—Washington, D.C., must be put in almost total control of the economy. (As versus the present situation, when it can tell us what to do only 98 per cent of the time.) A properly empowered state will ensure that we make the choices that are good for us and the environment, choices now obscured by such illusions of the market as that: a) higher standards of living are better than lower standards, b) people are more important than aphids, c) businessmen contribute more to society than derelicts do.

Quoting John Kenneth Galbraith, Schmookler laments that, thanks to the market's power to cloud men's minds, "alcohol, comic books, and mouthwash" have better reputations than does the government in its role as provider of "schools, judges, and municipal swimming pools."

Sorry, JK. What decent American, if asked to choose between a good cognac and condomed public schools, thug-loving judges, and disease-ridden government swimming holes, wouldn't call for a snifter? All the more reason, says Schmookler, to demand a "radical transformation in our political economy and in our consciousness," away from such capitalist crimes as the use of rock salt on ice. He's right that this damages cars, roads, underground cables, etc., and there are undoubtedly better ways of doing the job. But we'll never find out until it's no longer the task of government to apply salt to government roads.

Schmookler talks about other alleged third-party effects or "externalities" of capitalism, such as the sale of a farm in Taylor, New York. It was transformed into a low-level nuclear dump, to the distress of neighbors. But it was the New York state government that bought the property. Government subsidization of a favored industry can hardly be blamed on the free market, which generates no externalities requiring political intervention.

Schmookler, needless to say, blames the market for ozone loss, acid rain, and "tropical-forest-killing hamburgers." But ozone loss and acid rain are eco-myths, as environmentalists, and even the *New York Times* and *Washington Post*, are beginning to realize. As to chainsaw sandwiches, what exactly is wrong with Brazilian peasants cutting down the rain forest (a/k/a the jungle) and raising beef? Or are they supposed to live in mildewed loincloths so the eco-nuts in Manhattan and Malibu can feel warm all over?

Schmookler claims that "market forces corrode community," but that's nonsense as well. In the laissez-faire nineteenth century, communities and families were almost invincible. In the twentieth century, they are sick unto death. The reason is the welfare state, which seeks to destroy all competing power centers in society.

At the beginning of his book, Schmookler tells us that he's poor and close to the earth, and he feels awesome about it, man. But as with the entire Left, envy clearly drives his program. He wants everyone to be poor, and his policies would certainly make that possible.

Every market advocate enjoys a rigorous challenge from the Left, if only because intellectual debate is so much fun. Schmookler sets out to refute Mises, Hayek, and Friedman, so he seems like a worthy challenger. But his book is confused, banal, and simple-minded, demonstrating once again that opponents of the free market haven't come up with a new argument since Veblen. And Mencken took care of him.

How nice to clear one's mind of Schmookler with the essays in *Market Liberalism*, by and large an edifying endorsement of less federal involvement in domestic and international affairs. We learn, for example, about the FDA and other political intrusions

Mr. Rockwell is president of the Ludwig von Mises Institute in Auburn, Alabama.

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that harm health (in the essay by Michael Tanner), the trouble with the World Bank and IMF (Melanie S. Tammen), the importance of a non-imperial foreign policy (Christopher Layne, Ted Galen Carpenter, et al.), and the myth of global warming (Patrick J. Michaels).

But there is a strain of techno–New Ageism here. For example, Lewis J. Perelman advocates a federal "Department of Knowledge Resources" to replace "the medieval scholastic establishment" with "broadband, digital so-called 'information superhighways' " and a "hyperlearning industry." Got that? And is it really necessary, if we agree with Thomas W. Hazlett's compelling argument for telecommunications deregulation, to hunger after zillion-channel, interactive television in our homes? One of the best things I ever did for my family was to enact zero-channel TV.

There are also leftist elements (from David Boaz, for example). Does Sister Souljah really "deserve our admiration" just because she's no longer a welfare bum? Have whites really put blacks on a "welfare plantation"? In the old days, we're told, the owners lazed around and collected unearned income, while the slaves worked from dawn to dusk. Just who fits into these categories today?

Then the editors tell us about the "history of the West," which is "largely a history of liberty. Antigone, Jesus, the emergence of pluralism and independent cities, the Magna Carta, the Renaissance, Martin Luther, the Enlightenment, the American Revolution, the repeal of the Corn Laws, the abolition of slavery, all marked continued progress toward the liberation of the individual from the coercive power of the state."

Huh? That's too much of a tangle to straighten out in a review, but we might begin by wondering whether the Incarnation is to be equated with a misinterpreted mythological figure or a policy change in nineteenth-century England. Or what the Catholic cultural glories of the Renaissance have to do with liberty. Or whether the sword-wielding Luther should be put in the anti-statist camp, or simply the anti-Papist.

We are told of the glories of abstract "human rights" and the evils of Pat Buchanan's speech at the Republican

convention. The editors tell us they "reject the bashing of gays, Japan, rich people, and immigrants that contemporary liberals and conservatives seem to think addresses society's problems." Nowhere is the real bashing of white males, Catholics, WASPs, Southerners, heterosexuals, and native Americans (and I don't mean Indians) mentioned.

The title of this book comes from a struggle over self-identity. The editors are anxious not to be seen as conservatives, on the grounds that the word "smacks of an unwillingness to change, a desire to preserve the status quo." They don't want to be called libertarians, because that is "an awkward and misinterpreted neologism that has become too closely tied to a particular group of activists." (The *OED* traces the modern meaning of libertarian to 1878.) "Classical liberal" is no good either, because it "connotes a backward-looking philosophy all the tenets of which have been carved in stone." They settle on "liberal" because "the liberals in societies from China to Iran to South Africa to Argentina are supporters of human rights and free markets," and then they modify it to "market liberal." This phrase seems oddly broad. Bill Clinton could accept the designation, which may be partly the point.

On balance this is a useful book. (Though please, publisher, if you want your customers to do more than put it on their shelves, include an index in the next edition.) But the editors never seem to notice that modern liberals—with whom they claim to share fundamental political values—are invariably statists. Nor do they tell us just why are we supposed to look forward to, rather than dread, the twenty-first century. And they overlook the deeper ironies of liberal ideology: e.g., if the proper goal of society is democracy and pluralism, the state will have to be brought to bear against those who fail to exalt those particular values above all else. To paraphrase Isabel Paterson, liberalism is pluralism with a guillotine. □

Young Doctor Faustus

RUSSELL SEITZ

HIROSHIMA has become the apex of the mountain of images that form the world's vision of the nuclear age. But at the inception of the Manhattan Project, few imagined that Japan would be part of the picture. The race for The Bomb began with Hitler's rise rather than the ascendancy of militarism in Japan—the uranium atom was first split in Berlin.

The scientists who counseled FDR to pursue The Bomb's development belonged to a generation of physicists whose lingua franca was German. The founders of the new disciplines of quantum mechanics, nuclear physics, and general relativity hailed mostly from the capitals and ancient university towns of the Wilhelmine and Austro-Hungarian Empires. Few were more gifted than a professor's son, Werner Heisenberg, or his protégé, a scion of Junker diplomats, named Carl Friedrich von Weizsäcker, the younger brother of the current president of Germany. Von Weizsäcker's main achievement, explaining how the sun works, has been eclipsed by Heisenberg's justly famous uncertainty principle.

Mr. Seitz is a science writer living in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Heisenberg's War, by Thomas Powers (Knopf, 608 pp., $27.50)

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But half a century ago, when many of their former colleagues, having fled the Third Reich to enrich the ranks of American science, were working furiously on the ultimate weapon, Heisenberg and young von Weizsäcker were central figures in the German nuclear program. We now know that they were getting nowhere—slowly. But that was less apparent to the Allies in 1942. The prospect of a Nazi Bomb was then sufficiently disconcerting to inspire the dispatch of an American operative to Switzerland, with orders to shoot the visiting Heisenberg upon the slightest indication that he *might* be making significant progress.

In *Heisenberg's War*, Thomas Powers wrestles with the evidence, direct and circumstantial, concerning Heisenberg's role. Where in the spectrum from craven Nazi collaborator to risk-taking, anti-fascist saboteur will history place one of the giants of modern physics? It is a question as complex as the man and as harrowing as the chronicle of the decline and fall of German science.

Previous histories of this subject have acknowledged that Heisenberg's assassination was considered, but have assumed it never went beyond the talking stage. Many scientists have heard the tale (or cover story?) of how in 1942 Dutch physicist Samuel Goudsmit was asked to lure his former colleague to Switzerland and do the deed, only to reply to his interlocutor (Allen Dulles—who else?), "Physicists do not shoot other physicists."

But in this account, Moe Berg, an erudite Princetonian turned professional baseball player (he was a catcher), stalked Heisenberg and von Weizsäcker through Zurich's streets and into the lecture halls of its Technical University. There he sat listening, at point-blank range, with a loaded pistol and a license to kill. But what he heard stayed his hand.

While the Swiss security services are not famed for their loquaciousness, it is to be hoped that their perspective on the events of 1944 will not be lost to posterity. One doubts that either the Gestapo men responsible for Heisenberg's return from Switzerland or the OSS operatives supporting Berg went about their business undetected. The rich lode of melodrama that Powers has uncovered has yet to be mined out.

The Allies' effort to comprehend what the Germans were up to may have been deflected by a difference in focus between the two sides. What was clear to Heisenberg and his colleagues—that the lack of time and resources available to the Axis precluded isotope separation—led them to pursue a nuclear reactor as their first goal. While the Manhattan Project achieved the first self-sustaining chain reaction in 1942, the German program never got to square one.

But both crude diagrams of reactor designs and intelligence about German seizures of uranium ore and metals fell into American and British hands, generating enough alarm to trigger action. In one bizarre episode, Allied investigators tracked a shipment of thorium oxide to a plant in Austria, only to discover that its diabolical end-use was as a brightening agent in toothpaste. The cardinal irony of the case is that hundreds of tons of uranium mined in the Belgian Congo and seized by the Third Reich at the outbreak of the war were cap-

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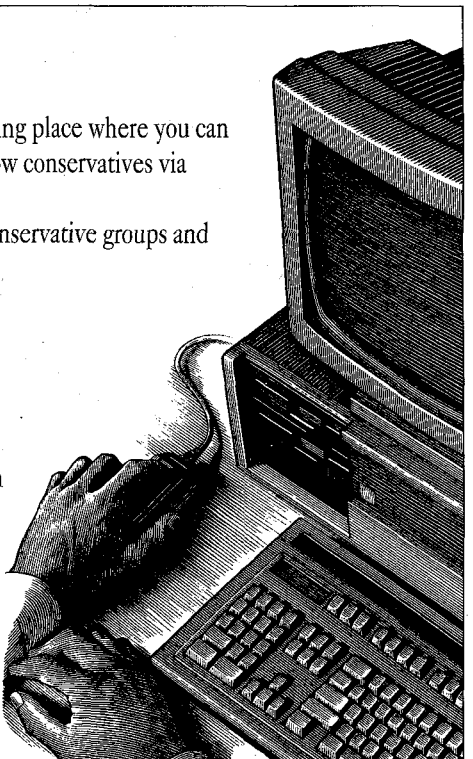

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tured by the Allies shortly after the invasion of Normandy and sent to America for enrichment. So it came to pass that some of the U-235 in the weapon that destroyed Hiroshima was diverted from Hitler's hands.

Few of Heisenberg's colleagues in Britain or America, and fewer still of those who fled Europe after the Nazis' rise, ever forgave him fully. I remember the glacial reception afforded him when he visited Cambridge, Mass., twenty years ago. I think I was introduced to Heisenberg then, but, naturally, I'm not absolutely certain. But of this much I am sure: by 1974, many veterans of the Manhattan Project and some of their German opposite numbers had become leading lights in the international campaign against nuclear weapons, von Weizsäcker being a prominent advocate of unilateral disarmament. And when, in the interest of solidarity, the shotgun reconciliation of these former foes came to pass, some few of those present who knew of Moe Berg must have silently felt the sardonic depth of the underlying black comedy of manners.

Back in the 1920s and '30s, the glory days of quantum mechanics, Heisenberg was lionized as one of the few real "magicians" of twentieth-century science—the few, such as the late Richard Feynman, whose leaps of intellect staggered even their most astute colleagues. In Heisenberg's case, that athleticism was not merely intellectual.

If electrical wizard Nikola Tesla prefigured Dr. Zarkov, Heisenberg occasionally acted like Flash Gordon's understudy: in 1934, another biographer recounts, visiting Kyoto on a round-the-world lecture tour with physicist P. A. M. Dirac, young Werner, feeling in need of exercise, climbed freehand up the outside of a ten-story pagoda and perched on its finial like a hood ornament. From that literal high point, he descended into the abyss with the rest of his countrymen—but not without some resistance. He defended Einstein's physics with enough vigor to arouse the wrath of the Nazis. He escaped condemnation only by the intervention of a childhood friend of his mother's, Frau Himmler—whose son Heinrich needs no introduction.

Much of the new information in Powers's book has come to light with the declassification of the transcripts of what some German atomic scientists said during their enforced stay at a bugged British manor house in 1945. (Their less fortunate colleagues fell into Stalin's hands and lived out their days in the nuclear Gulag.) Powers's new facts usefully augment those of David Cassidy's 1991 biography of Heisenberg, *Uncertainty*. Both afford insight into how one of the century's brightest minds strove to deal with the conflict of its darkest hours.

We should be thankful that just as Saddam Hussein's providential impatience spared us a nuclear confrontation in the Persian Gulf, the *Wehrmacht*'s lack of time and engineering resources kept the ultimate *Vergeltungswaffe* out of the Axis's hands. For what the Third Reich did accomplish—the V-2 missile—has already proliferated farther afield than nuclear weapons have. Taken together with the growing ubiquity of nerve gas, the proliferation of that antique, but all too viable, missile technology should serve to remind us that the moral imbecility that flared earlier in this century is not a burnt-out case. So the demise of two evil empires should not console us. If we let a third arise, it will be far better armed than its predecessors, and doubtless in possession of some men of science as imperfect in their wisdom as Werner Heisenberg. For both biographies suggest that his career can be read as an inverse *Bildungsroman*—a trajectory descending from the twilight of German romanticism into a slingshot orbit around Hitler's dark star. □

Free at Last

JOHN GRAY

BOTH enemies and *doctrinaires* of the free market have become accustomed in recent years to representing Adam Smith as a species of proto-libertarian, an advocate of market institutions who believed that they needed only the motive of self-interest to make them work for the general good. On this interpretation of his thought, as a precursor of the mod-

Adam Smith in His Time and Ours: Designing the Decent Society, by Jerry Z. Muller (Free Press, 272 pp., $22.95)

ern antinomian heresy of libertarianism, Smith viewed the market as a kind of perpetual-motion machine, which, once it had been emancipated from governmental interference, needed none of the traditional virtues to remain at work as an engine of wealth-creation and a motor of human progress. Market institutions on this view were free-standing expressions of a system of natural liberty which in no way needed the support of strong moral traditions for their stability or justification.

It is this view of markets, as amoral devices of wealth-creation, that has been adopted by the most unreflective defenders of free enterprise, and which has exposed the market to moral criticism by liberals and socialists that has not always been unwarranted. This view of markets has indeed set the tone of much recent conservative thought, which proceeds on the unspoken premise that, whereas the market may have little of virtue about it, there is no alternative to it, now that socialism has everywhere collapsed. Or else it is maintained by latter-day libertarians who see themselves as the heirs to classical liberalism that the market needs no moral foundations beyond those it has in individual freedom.

It is among the many merits of Jerry Muller's profoundly erudite and timely study that it shows beyond any doubt that these simplistic views have no warrant in the thought of Adam Smith. For Smith, it was certainly one of the benefits of the market that it harnessed self-interest to the public good, thereby enabling men to serve others without making too great demands on the scarce resource of benevolence. It is nevertheless a complete caricature of his thought to represent him as neglecting the dependency of well-functioning markets on a cultural inheritance of moral traditions, or to ignore the concern he frequently voiced that the workings of markets

Mr. Gray, a Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, is the author of Post-Liberalism: Studies in Political Thought *(Routledge).*

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might over time eat away at the cultural capital of virtues which markets need if they are to contribute to a society's well-being. It is not merely that Smith—like any sensible person, but unlike many latter-day libertarians—acknowledges that markets will work badly if most of those active in them do not possess the elementary virtues of honesty and trustworthiness. It is, more particularly, that Smith insists that the social order in which market institutions flourish is one in which market participants have been moralized by the institution of the family and the authority of religion.

This insight of Smith's expresses his own ethical outlook, which was part Christian and part neo-Stoic, and in which the sense of duty to others was strong. Smith was also invoking the evidence of history to support his thesis that the civilization of "commercial humanism" which he advocated, and which he saw emerging around him, required for its successful renewal across the generations a population schooled in self-restraint.

For Smith, then, the market was far from a value-free engine of wealth-creation. It was instead an artifact of civilization, an institutional device that exploited self-interest but relied at every point on the restraining disciplines of traditional morality.

Smith's recognition of the embeddedness of market institutions in strong cultural traditions was the source of his most serious anxieties about the prospects of commercial society. These anxieties crop up again and again in Muller's book. Structured in three parts, Muller's exemplary study considers the historical context of Smith's thought, subjects it to a systematic and detailed analysis on its own terms, and finally examines applications and implications in our own time. In each section, Muller illuminates the sources of Smith's concerns about the longer-term prospects of commercial humanism, and shows their salience today.

Smith was worried that the minute division of labor so distinctive of the emerging commercial civilization would stunt the intellectual and moral development of the worker and limit his psychological horizon to the pursuit of mindless hedonism. As an antidote to this danger he advocated compulsory universal education—an idealized version of the Scottish system of parochial schools, in which every child would be equipped with the cultural inheritance of a civilized human being. He was deeply anxious that commercial civilization would destroy the martial virtues without which it could not hope to resist the predations of barbarous peoples. As Muller observes, Smith reminded his students repeatedly that the danger of the conquest of civilized and refined peoples by barbarous ones was far from hypothetical, being the actual historical fate of several of the most advanced Western peoples: The Athenians had fallen victim to the primitive Macedonians, who under the leadership of Philip and Alexander had devoted themselves to what Smith called "certainly the noblest of the arts," the art of war; the decay of the Romans' army had opened the way to conquest by barbarous German and Scythian peoples.

As a response to this danger, Smith did not follow others in the Scottish school, such as Adam Ferguson, in recommending a popular militia—the Swiss solution to this day—but instead argued more optimistically that the prodigious productivity of the commercial societies, together with the invention of gun powder, would enable them to rely for their defense on a professional standing army, whereby the expenditure of a tiny fraction of their vast national output would allow them to escape the fate of earlier commercial societies. Further, Smith insisted that strategic considerations take precedence over the interests of consumers in the formation of trade policy, approving the provisions of the Navigation Acts which gave British ships a monopoly over the transportation of British goods. In both education and defense policy, Smith did not hesitate to invoke the very visible hand of the state to counteract the unintended and unwanted consequences of commercial society.

Muller's study is invaluable in showing, in painstaking and irrefutable detail, that Smith scorned the Panglossian fantasy of latter-day classical liberals: the illusion that there exists a spontaneous social order that only the interventions of government can undermine. It remains questionable whether Smith took the full measure of the hazards facing commercial societies, particularly those we observe in the West today. Smith was surely right to worry that the minute division of labor might reinforce the disposition to mindless hedonism in commercial society. His prescription of universal compulsory education could not take note of phenomena unknown in his

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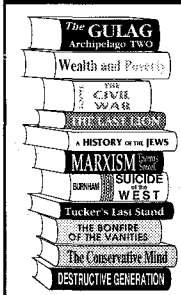

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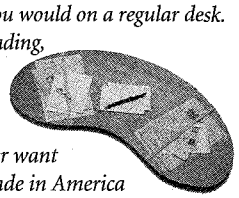

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day, such as the conquest of the teaching profession by antinomian doctrines which repudiate the disciplines necessary for the transmission of a cultural inheritance, and, even more ominously, the transformation of the family into a vehicle of self-fulfillment, whereby it is fractured by frequent divorce, and childhood is conceived not as a hard apprenticeship to adulthood but as a paradisal state devoted to play rather than learning.

Again, Smith was certainly right to focus on the dangers confronting commercial societies in which the martial virtues have lost status and popular recognition, but his reliance upon a professional army equipped with the latest firepower seems less than convincing today. It hardly does justice to the dangers that lie ahead for us, partly because technologies of mass destruction become ever cheaper with scientific advance and their proliferation in the anarchic Third World ever harder to stem, and partly because the Western democracies seem unwilling even to shoulder the burden of defense expenditure needed to protect themselves—as the recklessly imprudent and strategically ill-considered cuts in defense proposed in the United States by the Clinton Administration, and replicated throughout much of the Western world, suggest. Smith's remedies do not seem adequate to a situation in which only wars without significant Allied casualties can be justified to Western public opinion, and in which even the expenditures needed for high-tech weaponries are regarded as unjustified transfers from welfare.

It is difficult to resist the conclusion that, despite their extraordinary capacity for wealth-creation, the Western commercial societies lack the virtues needed for survival in an intractably disordered world. One may go further and note that the link between flourishing market institutions and an individualist morality has been shown by the experience of the East Asian countries in our time to be accidental. It may even be—as Schumpeter conjectured—that individualism is a self-limiting episode, so that the future of market institutions lies in non-individualist cultures. It is one of the many merits of Smith's thought, and of Muller's fine study, that it inspires these hard questions, so alien and uncongenial to the self-congratulatory triumphalism that passed for conservative thought in the Eighties. □

Thoroughly Modern Marlene

RICHARD RODRIGUEZ

MARLENE DIETRICH was nearly as old as the century. She grew up in Berlin in the years preceding World War I, and became famous in Hollywood in the Thirties. Dietrich made the transition from silent films to talkies. She became a U.S. citizen during the war and entertained the Allied troops. She knew Noël Coward and five-star generals. She was a thorn in the mind of Hitler. She was a movie star—of that first generation of movie stars who lived with the implications of a smile as long as a Cadillac, eyes as high as windows. Dietrich was a screen goddess, literally a projection, who in her later years managed a transfiguration, a miracle.

Mr. Rodriguez is the author of Days of Obligation: An Argument with My Mexican Father, *and* Hunger of Memory: The Education of Richard Rodriguez.

I remember her in the late 1960s, in concert on Broadway.

"*Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Marlene Dietrich*" . . . the tish of cymbals, the wah-wah of trumpets and trombones—"Falling in Love Again," the articulation of her *louche* hymn, announcing the arrival of the goddess.

Marlene Dietrich, by Maria Riva (Knopf, 790 pp., $27.50)

Trailing a coronation-length fur coat, erect (the Prussian officer's daughter, after all), a white-blonde Dietrich on stage impersonated Lili Marlene of the movies—a theatrical recollection of our cinematic memory (the theater challenging the power of movies). Her beauty was celebrated in *Playbill* by Hemingway, Cocteau, and Colette. She *was* the century.

Our century is infatuated with celebrity—the royal, the athlete, the politician, and especially the movie star—her face enlarged beyond human scale. The movie star assures us it is possible to evade the anonymity of mass society. But the movie-star biography—the chronicle of the star's private failings—has become the moral tale we train against celebrity and against our own ambition to be larger than life.

Marlene Dietrich is written by her daughter, Maria Riva. Though, in life, Mrs. Riva conspired with her mother to create Dietrich's celebrity, in her book the daughter conspires with us against her mother, attempts to tear the image down.

That Mrs. Riva is a reliable witness, I have no doubt. She grew up in Hollywood, an only child, yet never a child. Some of the best chapters in *Marlene Dietrich* describe life on the Paramount lot in the Thirties. What an interesting, optimistic, industrious place it was, that celebrity factory.

Movies are for the eyes, Dietrich knew. "If sound comes, that will be the end of acting with the eyes—no more faces, only stupid talk."

Beginning with her brilliant collaboration in Berlin with Josef von Sternberg, Dietrich's primary interest was always her look—anticipating our perception—the costumes she would wear, the makeup, the faces. Psychological verity was not a consideration. Emotion could be painted on; the slant of an eyebrow could portray anger or despair. Dietrich and her daughter would spend entire days with Travis Benton, the head designer at Paramount, conspiring amidst laces and pearls and hats and wigs. Dietrich was not a great actress nor a very good singer. Her genius was to understand (well before Warhol) that exaggeration is all.

"Only pansies know how to look like a sexy woman."

Maria Riva is not shrewd enough, nor is her book expansive enough, to reflect fully on her mother's gay aesthetic or how it was that Dietrich became so important an icon for homosexuals. Mrs. Riva does disclose that it was in imitation of a Berlin transvestite that Dietrich modeled herself in her notorious Berlin films. In the sensational scene in *Morocco* Dietrich appears in a dinner jacket (the goddess as a young god), and bestows a kiss on the upturned lips of a female admirer.

The daughter describes her mother

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locked in a studio dressing room, with Mae West. The daughter can hear them giggling. Mrs. Riva speculates: "I always wanted to see them together in a film. What fun they would have been, and then again, maybe not; they might have canceled each other out."

They were both women who became famous by imitating women.

Mrs. Riva rehearses the list of lovers—the directors, the leading men. The lesbian lovers were usually less famous. There were singers (Chevalier, Sinatra), politicians and millionaires (old Joe Kennedy and, decades later, son Jack), as well as famous soldiers and journalists and writers. Dietrich reduced them, most of them, to courtiers, by playing the cool, distant lady of the sonnets.

Dietrich would doubtless be horrified to be called a lesbian. She was free of our modern reductionism. The love-goddess was, more truly, a woman who "always preferred glowing romance to actual sex." Dietrich's durable marriage was a strange mixture of affection and freedom; her husband lived at a distance, often befriending discarded male lovers.

There was little sentimentality in Dietrich. And little loyalty, apparently. There was an ego as inflated, as burnished as her screen image—"little people" got discarded, little people got hurt, little people were forgotten. On the other hand, the daughter seems at times too dismissive regarding the difficulty or the achievement of her mother's celebrity. Describing Dietrich's famous war effort, her entertainment of the Allied forces: "The Prussian was in her element; her German soul embraced the tragedy of war with all its macabre sentimentality." Perhaps. But perhaps valor is not inconsistent with manipulation. Of course Dietrich must be in the front lines during World War II. Where else would Athena be?

In the postwar years, Marlene Dietrich became a mythic beauty, a fabrication of adoring writers. Maria Riva, meanwhile, was pursuing a minor career as an actress; pursued by a lesbian friend of her mother's—a set-up, she thinks—she became alcholic, suicidal. She found her redemption in a good marriage and a happy family life—the difficulty of the daughter's achievement of the mundane forms the subtext of the last quarter of *Marlene Dietrich*.

There were fewer movies for Dietrich in the 1950s. But in those years, and with the help of her daughter, Dietrich embarked on her two-decades-long concert tour, dressed in famous flesh-colored gowns, singing songs from her old films, singing the songs she sang during the War.

By the late 1960s, Dietrich had begun to war with time. Her famous legs would not support her—circulation problems, open wounds which she did not attend to, cancer. She was drinking too much, taking too many pills. She was in love with Edward R. Murrow, with Yul Brynner, and so on. She made a pathetic cameo appearance in a movie with David Bowie. There were falls during several live performances. The show went on.

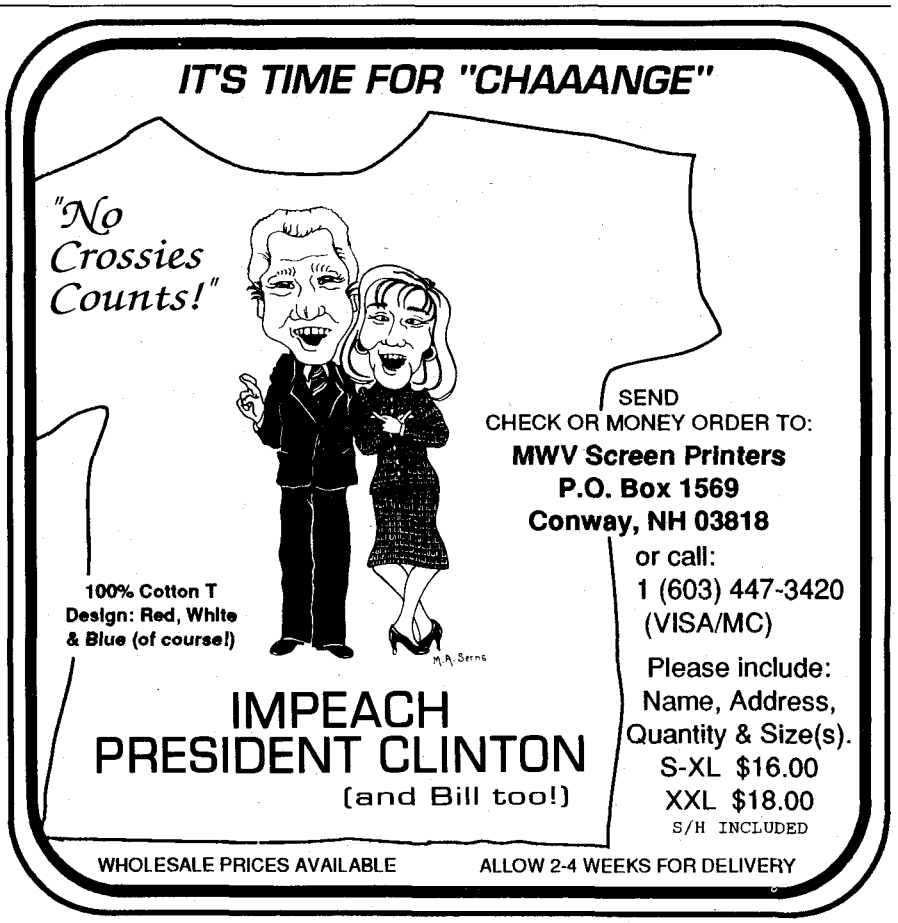
"Ladies and gentlemen . . ."

She ended up on a hospital gurney, having to be seen by nurses and doctors—"this woman who reconstructed her aging body to suit an illusion of youth, who concealed the crêpe-flesh of her hanging thighs in a thousand ways, who hid her thinning, wispy hair beneath golden wigs, who folded sagging breasts into gossamer harnesses, ever re-recreating the Venus the world wanted and expected Dietrich to be . . . was about to be laid bare."

In fear of our eyes, Dietrich banishes herself to a hidden life in Paris. Her final years are spent behind closed doors. Maximilian Schell brings a German film crew to her apartment but she will not be photographed. In Schell's film, Dietrich mocks his adoring questions, mocks his reverence for her early films. "Schlock, schlock," she yells at him. And yet the eye. Schell watches her films with her, records her comments. During a segment from *The Scarlet Empress*, Dietrich objects, "This is an improper cut of this film. Where did you get this?"

She dies in a dark room, her unemptied bed pans "exuding an odor of booze and human decay."

It is fitting that the biography of a movie star should be written by her unfamous daughter. Poor Mrs. Riva. Though she intends to reduce the image of her mother, she yet magnifies Marlene Dietrich. And thanks to Mrs. Riva: because of her malice, because of her adoring eye, because of her lack of irony, because of her unforgiving memory, she has written the most satisfying movie-star biography I have ever read. □



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FILM

Precocious Children, Childish Adults

JOHN SIMON

THERE is no subject more popular in movies (or literature) than growing pains, but the possible divergence of approach is well illustrated by ***Il ladro di bambini*** (*Stolen Children*) from Italy, and ***This Boy's Life*** from Hollywood, U.S.A. The American film is optimistic, the Italian pessimistic, yet with glimmers of hope. Unbounded optimism is what made America strong; guarded pessimism is what makes Europe wise.

To be sure, *This Boy's Life* is made from Tobias Wolff's autobiographical novel, and has to end well because Wolff is now an established writer who teaches at Syracuse University. *Il ladro di bambini* (literally, though less euphoniously, *The Child Thief*), on the other hand, is fiction, albeit based on a news photograph and other documentary evidence. Toby (i.e., Tobias) in *This Boy's Life* is saved presumably by his special talent; the brother and sister in *Ladro* have no such prowess, and their future remains a question mark. But the real difference is that Toby, even when doubting it, always had the love of his mother; whereas 11-year-old Rosetta was turned by her mother (the father left long ago) into a prostitute at age nine, and nine-year-old Luciano, who cannot be commercially exploited, gets only jeers from his mother.

Il ladro di bambini begins in a so-called dormitory neighborhood on the outskirts of Milan, where immigrants from the south lead precarious existences. The economy, incisiveness, honesty yet restraint with which the initial situation is established are exemplary. The mother indulges Rosetta, whom she has debauched into a breadwinner, but nags and bullies Luciano, who is merely in the way. Still, the rich client who comes for Rosetta's services is not an obvious ogre; he goes about his monstrous pleasure with urbanity and even a surface benignity, which says much more about human corruption than making him a patent heavy would.

Mr. Simon, NR*'s film critic, is also theater critic for* New York *magazine.*

It is heartbreaking to see Rosetta pray to the Virgin before she plies her trade, but even this is shown in a soberly understated way, with not a trace of smuttiness. The emphasis is on the dissension the situation creates between the siblings. Luciano bitterly resents his sister's privileged status even as he angrily senses her degradation; she, scorning him as a useless brat, doubtless envies his freedom from sexual enslavement. The script by Gianni Amelio (the director), Sandro Petraglia, and Stefano Rulli conveys all this without resorting to exposition, excessive emotionalism, or an iota of sentimentality.

Two *carabinieri* are assigned to take the kids, after the adults are apprehended, to a religious home in Civitavecchia. The elder *carabiniere* goes AWOL in Bologna, leaving the sticky job to Antonio, a very young man studying on the side for a university diploma. He has a hard time marshaling these siblings who, disliking each other, have no affection or respect for anyone. The first great accomplishment of the movie is to show how genuine feeling from Antonio eventually enables the kids to care for each other as well as for him. The second is that this happens gradually, with an avoidance of big scenes, and believably. The third is that, in the end, love has conquered much, but not all. The individual is still in thrall to society and its Draconian laws.

One of the means by which this fine picture attains its aims is Hollywood's chief anathema: leisureliness. In Amelio's film things happen at a pace as close to that of life as a movie allows. The wanderings of the central threesome are fraught even more with frustrating noncommunication than with actual mishaps. Therein lies the misery that Antonio overcomes only with utmost difficulty. Although, like the kids, he, too, is prone to anger and sulky silences, his basic humanity lies in his patience. He does not give up on the children; he does not give in to indifference. In fact, he goes slightly AWOL with them, out of genuine affection.

Slowly, then, the asthmatic and proudly withdrawn Luciano, the prematurely independent but vulnerable Rosetta, and the exasperated yet concerned Antonio become a kind of family. The film has sympathy for almost all; even the purblind priest who refuses to take the children into the home (Rosetta might corrupt the others!) does not elicit outraged condemnation. Antonio now has to take his charges to their native Sicily, to a home for disturbed children. Foreseeing the joylessness in store, he decides on a stopover at his sister's in Reggio di Calabria, the last mainland stop. Here the kids are fed, cleaned, and clothed, but here, too, Antonio explodes at a woman who, recognizing Rosetta from a magazine cover, exposes her as a prostitute. The hurt girl runs away, Antonio takes off after her, and Rosetta ends up sobbing in his embrace. It is only now that Luciano, who has all along been suspiciously watching from the sidelines, realizes that his sister is not vamping the young man, and that his feelings for her—and him—are sincere and pure.

For the careful viewer, the film provides many collateral pleasures. Take Antonio's reaction to his sister's new establishment, a sprawling restaurant with adjoining living quarters she is trying to whip into shape. The restaurant looks like your average soup kitchen, the residence like the temporary dwelling of itinerant mountebanks. Yet to Antonio, it's the kind of place where he might want to settle down. By showing us the pathetic modesty of its characters' aspirations, the film eloquently conveys the depth of their deprivation.

The ending is as compelling as the beginning. Discover it for yourself, but be sure to note how realistically the resolution—if it is one—is presented. Enrico Lo Verso, the *carabiniere*, is a professional; the two children are amateurs, in the great tradition of those unforgettable finds in the heyday of Italian neorealism. Or is every child in

Erratum: Readers of John Simon's May 10 column may have been puzzled, in the first full paragraph on page 54, by a comparison between John Goodman and someone named Douglas. For Douglas, read (Broderick) Crawford. And in the next paragraph, Hollywood Boulevard *should be* Sunset Boulevard. *Our apologies to Mr. Simon and to our readers for failing to make these corrections.* —*LB*

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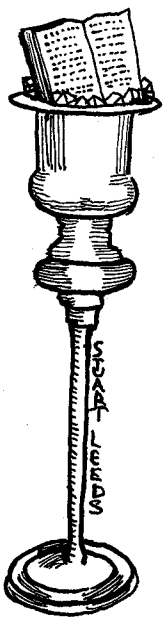
Italy a born actor? None of the principals has cinematic good looks, but all three light up with inner beauty. And you root for them long after the movie is over because Gianni Amelio (who also gave us the wonderful *Open Doors*) has the gift of making you realize that a shattering movie is not just a movie.



The good thing about *This Boy's Life* is that it likewise tries to be honest and stick to (I imagine) the book on which it is based. When Caroline Wolff was divorced, she kept her younger son, Toby, to share her straitened circumstances; Geoff, the elder, remained with his father, to lead a posh East Coast and eventually Ivy League existence. Unlucky with her boyfriends, Caroline developed a special closeness to her young teenage son; together, they set out for Utah, where, the time being the Fifties, they hope to strike it rich as uranium prospectors. But the unwelcome pursuit by an unwanted lover, the end of the uranium rush, and the vagaries of bus schedules propel them to Seattle, where a kind of last-frontier spirit still prevailed.

Life is Spartan and humdrum until a new beau appears in the person of Dwight Hansen, a blue-collar charmer from the small hill town of Concrete, a name that thuds louder than a thousand bricks. Dwight, a single father with three maturing children, appears to be a good risk, especially as his courtly wooing of Caroline, his easy (though unreciprocated) camaraderie with Toby, and his boundless cheerfulness enchant the young mother, whose melting point is not particularly high. She marries Dwight, and six people are forthwith ensconced in his abjectly ramshackle house, not even made of concrete, where his three well-disciplined but clearly unhappy children can hardly wait for the day they can escape.

Mother and son are promptly confronted with major disappointments. Dwight, whose lovemaking is fairly animalistic, will not have face-to-face sex with Caroline. And Toby is condemned to a crack-of-dawn paper route whose earnings he is not allowed to keep; ostensibly Dwight is holding them for the boy's future use. He has also enrolled Toby in the Boy Scouts, but buys him only a faded and ill-fitting second-hand uniform. And life with Dwight becomes worse and worse for both Wolffs as monotonous days drag on. Dwight's affable smiles have become sarcastic sneers, dispensed mostly while he pummels the boy on the pretext of teaching him self-defense.

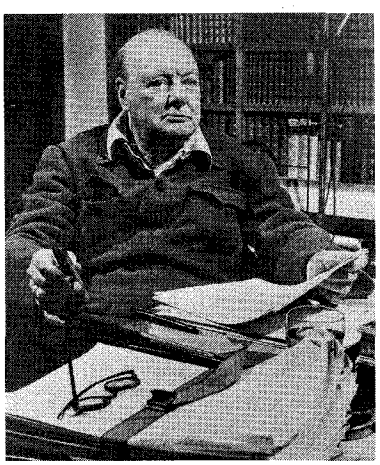
The ingredients for a solid movie are here, but the Scottish-born Michael Caton-Jones (whose dubious claim to fame is *Scandal*), and his screenwriter Robert Getchell (remembered for the not dissimilar *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*) cannot make things jell. They concentrate on the more heavily dramatic incidents, and rather neglect the daily drudgery. They do not establish a convincing rhythm, and the picture lurches or skips ahead. We see how bad the family's bad moments are, but not enough of how bad the good ones can be. Why would Caroline have married Dwight in the first place? His jollity was put on with a trowel. But everything in the film is either overstated or underdeveloped.

The three principals, unlike those in *Ladro*, are all a bit off. Robert De Niro has played small-time sociopaths (as well as big-time psychopaths) too often for comfort—or even the proper kind of discomfort. His dishonest smile now looks like painting by numbers, as if his face were engraved with dots that merely have to be connected with crinkles to produce an instant grin of deception. Ellen Barkin always struck me as having a quality I can describe only as asking for trouble, which makes it hard to perceive her as the innocent victim of circumstance. Leonardo DiCaprio as Toby would be fine but for his rather girlish looks. No matter how macho you act or are, you will be undercut by the face of a young Betty Hutton.

The best thing about *This Boy's Life* is David Watkin's cinematography, which unobtrusively creates the right atmosphere. Since both Tobias Wolff and his brother, Geoffrey, under vastly different circumstances, ended up as writers and professors, I'd like to see something of these strong literary seeds developing. Some final title cards contain more curious and tantalizing information than does the whole body of the film.

■ With ***Indecent Proposal***, Adrian Lyne, that consummately superficial director, has given us his most trendily meretricious film yet. Although *Flashdance* and *Fatal Attraction* were hits, they owed this to someone else's writing and acting rather than Lyne's smirking eroticism or fashion-layout cinematography. Here the plot is wobbly, the acting mediocre, and the overall slickness suffocating. Do you really want to know what happens to an emptyheaded young wife who, out of love for her similarly endowed struggling architect husband, spends a day and night (initially approved by her hubby) with an adorable and smitten billionaire who pays a million bucks for it and happens to be Robert Redford? At least in the cheesy underlying novel, the husband was an upwardly mobile Jew, the wife a Philadelphia Mainliner, and the other man an Arab named Ibrahim.

When Woody Harrelson and Demi



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Moore, as the spouses, search their tormented souls, the drama may surpass that of a laboratory rat seeking the exit from a maze. What gives the movie its smidgen of interest is that its eroticism derives almost exclusively from money rather than sex. The climax (for me) has the young couple copulating on a bed of greenbacks —high denominations, of course. □

GROVES OF THE ACADEMY

A Modest Proposal

CHARLTON HESTON

THE Academy Awards telecast has become the biggest extravaganza on the planet. This is good because it generates a lot of money to pay for the Academy's valuable work. It's bad because the forum has become more important than the function.

Sixty-five years ago, a bunch of filmmakers, including most of the people who had invented moving pictures, decided to give awards to those of their fellows they thought had done the best work that year. Thus the Academy of Motion Pictures Arts and Sciences. The Academy had little weight in the real world then; film had not yet been identified as the art form of the twentieth century, or the American art form. Everybody went to the movies, mind you: by 1928, American films were drawing a hundred million ticket buyers a *week*. (Today, with twice the population, the number of tickets sold is much smaller.)

Now we watch movies mostly on video. Still, a telecast about movies draws a billion viewers around the world, on millions of flickering little screens . . . and nobody seems to like it much. Why is this?

Some time ago, the Academy, clearly desperate, asked me to produce the event, "to make it a better show."

"I can't make it a better show," I said. "Nobody can. That isn't why people watch it, anyway. They watch to see who wins. Like the Kentucky Derby, or *Wheel of Fortune*." So they do, but the winners are better known.

Some of them, anyway. Many significant awards go to artists and technicians the public has never heard of, and whose work it is incapable of judging. That's okay—a lot of Academy members are in the same boat. Sure, the show's too long, sometimes unwieldy. But the length includes the commercials that provide funds the Academy needs.

No, what's distorting the Oscar presentation is its very success. In the beginning, nobody but film-makers cared much who won. Now, millions of dollars ride on the choices of the Academy voters, and every mortal being who cares about movies is sure he knows more about it than they do.

It's more than envy, it's naked rage. Thousands of pundits around the world pontificate for weeks ahead and days after about what the choices *should* have been, damn it. The idiots who make the movies and get to vote are snobs, stupid, or dinosaurs. If only they'd get out of the way and let sensitive and thinking human beings make these crucial choices.

In fact, the balloting this year worked pretty well, with Oscars largely going to people who had done good work. The most overlooked achievement was not Jaye Davidson's, who gave a fine performance in *The Crying Game* and might have won in a weaker field. The superb marketing of that film, however, surely deserved a special award. The distributors somehow persuaded every single critic to sign an agreement (was it a blood oath?) not to reveal that the film is about an IRA terrorist falling in love with a beautiful woman who turns out to be a male transvestite. I believe the United Nations Covenant on Human Rights was invoked.

Actually, *The Crying Game* would be an apt title for the entire Oscar presentations this year. We now not only have the soreheads who hate not being able to vote on the most important film awards in the world, but, each year increasing in number, we have actors who can't resist the free soap box available to participants in the Academy telecast.

Attendees now often wear ribbons advertising their advocacy. I noted one starlet (can we still say "starlet"?) wearing three different colors. Winners usually just thank people, although one year Marlon Brando sent a young woman in Indian costume to protest . . . whatever it was. Then there was the naked man who scurried across the stage behind David Niven.

Some of the Academy presenters are flashing in public too, exposing their private views primarily because a billion people are watching. A composer is voted the award that may crown his career, and the actor the Academy has invited to present it to him wants to talk about Haitian AIDS or oppression in China. Susan Sarandon, Tim Robbins, Richard Gere: please do a documentary on Haiti, go on with Jay Leno, but don't steal this guy's moment in the sun. The Academy invited you to sing at their party and you vomited on the carpet.

Yes, I know we all have a "right to speak out." That's not the point, though, nor is it a mitigating argument. To those who will be tempted next year: If you can't resist the matchless forum the Academy show offers, don't con them; discuss it first. Don't sneak in and steal their time for your cause, no matter how warm and fuzzy. That's cheating.

Barbra Streisand, arguably the dowager duchess of the film community, used some of the time given her to announce Clint Eastwood's award as Best Director to rebuke us all for providing inadequate career opportunities for women. This is, after all, the Year of the Woman. Her tone, let it be said, was moderate, if magisterial.

It must be said, however, that women have always thrived in film, on both sides of the camera. Mary Pickford was not only one of the best-paid and best-known women in the world three-quarters of a century ago, she was also a partner in a major production company. Annie Bauchens, who edited both films I did for DeMille, had cut all his films since the silent days. Women worked on both sides of the camera long before they had significant access in the other arts, let alone science, industry, and politics.

Still, the film industry seems to be doing its best to compensate for centuries of oppression. We're now making films about all-girl baseball teams, girl gunslingers and space-persons, and were casting prominent actresses

Mr. Heston's memoirs will be published next spring by Simon & Schuster.

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as movers and shakers in every sort of story. Still, it must be admitted that Jack Nicholson makes more money than Sharon Stone. So does Tom Cruise . . . on every picture!

Drawing on several years of experience as president of the Screen Actors Guild, I have a modest proposal to make. It would require the joint collaboration of the studios, technical unions, and creative guilds, but it could transform the film industry from its present chaotic, laissez-faire structure to a controlled hiring-hall economy, like the longshoremen's union. People on both sides of the camera would be hired on the basis of advantage points awarded for gender, ethnicity, and lifestyle. Salaries would be similarly weighted, with all males assigned negative points.

As for the initial movie under the new system, I propose a film biography of George Washington, jointly released by all the major studios. "Sexist"? Not with Barbra Streisand as the Father of our country and Jaye Davidson as Martha. □

SOUND ON DISC

Recalling Bernstein on Mahler

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

GUSTAVE Mahler's contemporaries thought of him as a conductor who wrote music, and to this extent it was true: The orchestra was a partner in his composition, and he knew the plangencies that a solitary horn could utter over the orchestral panoply. In the midst of that sadness—*Dieu, que le son du cor est triste au fond des bois*—he could break in with a sadder humor, as in the funeral passages of his first symphony. Leonard Bernstein is another conductor who wrote music—though much of his output gives me the *longueurs*—so there may have been some logic to his having recorded the entire Mahler *oeuvre* for Columbia Records.

Bernstein recorded prodigiously, and a hundred of his LP works are being reissued on CD as a Royal Edition. (The royalty is not his but Prince Charles's, one of whose schoolboy watercolors graces each album.) I have been listening to five Mahler symphonies in this series—Nos. 1, 2, 7, 9, and 10—recorded with the New York Philharmonic. I would not compare them with Bruno Walter's readings, but I can find no infidelity to what the composer set down. However to get the most out of these scores, there must be absolute precision and a respect for all its voices. Otherwise, the colors seem to run a bit—as they do for Bernstein (Sony Classical SM2K 47573 & SM3K 87484).

Bernstein is much more successful with Brahms's Symphony No. 4 in E Minor. This last of the Brahms symphonies is vintage—tightly knit, beautifully honed, and rich in content. Perhaps Bernstein gives it too much of a Romantic lilt, but the work can take it. With it is the rousing *Academic Festival Overture* (Sony Classical SMK 47538). Also successful is a Royal Edition issue of a Bernstein–Philharmonic reading of Bruckner's Symphony No. 9 in D Minor—moving and sturdy music which I am told not to like, but which I do (Sony Classical SMK 47542).

■ "Art is free and must not be confined by technical fetters," Papa Haydn remarked—fetters which he wrote off as "pedantic trifling." And yet this hard-working genius, whose life spanned the late baroque, the classical, and the early Romantic, was much more an innovator than is recognized. He may not have been the only "father of the symphony"—but at the very least he was the midwife. We like to turn to his great London symphonies, but his style was formed and his mastery established well before, as his Symphonies Nos. 41–44 and 51–52 attest. They are beautifully and rhythmically played by Tafelmusik, on period instruments, which more thoroughly unbutton the score, and conducted with verve by Bruno Weil (Sony Classical SK 48370 & SK 48371).

■ Jazz is *the* American contribution to culture, and there are hundreds of fine jazz musicians. Those who made the significant contributions can be ticked off on the fingers of one hand. But it takes only one finger to tick off the man who launched the Swing Era and gave it its form—Benny Goodman. He broke down the gates of the polite dance-band business and introduced the jazz-oriented Swing Era. How many hundred or thousands of Goodman recordings, air shots, or tapes exist is a question. He bequeathed five truckloads of material to the Yale University Library—unreleased tapes, recordings that were never issued, ar-

Mr. Toledano is an NR *contributing editor and author of a forthcoming autobiography.*

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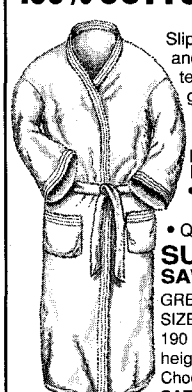

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rangements, and other memorabilia. From this has come Volume I of the Library's releases. It is great Swing Era music—the swing that had the jitterbugs yowling—and it will be followed by other samplings. Perhaps somewhere in that great mass there is one recording that matches the great "Sing, Sing, Sing" of the 1938 Carnegie Hall concert (BMG D 193504).

■ Two of the great innovating geniuses of jazz were Jelly Roll Morton and Duke Ellington. Jelly Roll was a braggart, pool shark, womanizer, and high roller—and one of the four or five greatest in jazz's pantheon. Duke was inspired, hard-working, soft-spoken—and he added a new and exciting dimension to jazz. Both men sat at the piano, but Duke made the orchestra his instrument and his voice. Eighteen of Jelly Roll's great small band sides—lifting jazz out of the constrictions of ragtime style and cut when only two other musicians, Louis Armstrong and Sidney Bechet, were moving in the same direction—have now been taken from the CD compendium of his entire work. And not a minute too late, for they wash out the taste of that monstrous Broadway musical *Jelly's Last Jam*, which attempted to re-cast the light-skinned Creole who hardly recognized race as a mawkish, double-talking, piano-playing Jesse Jackson. Just one cut, the superlative "Blue Blood Blues," will tell you differently (BMG 66103-2). *Jubilee Stomp*, the Ellington CD reissue, gives us the orchestra in its Cotton Club period, playing in the "jungle style" that was its trademark (BMG 66038-2).

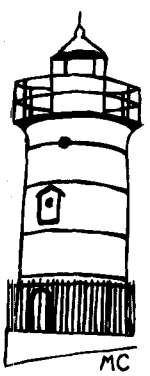
■ For many years, Dorothy Donegan *was* the Embers, that Manhattan midtown bistro and jazz parlor. Few of her records moved from LP to CD. But now Chiaroscuro, a record company that devotes itself to producing the best in jazz, has issued *Dorothy Donegan Live at the 1991 Floating Jazz Festival*. (As a dividend, a few minutes of Dizzie Gillespie is thrown in.) She roams the field of jazz piano, from the solid, tightly chorded to Tatumesque modernism, where the beat is left on the cutting room floor. She can hassle "Tea for Two" or tear up the piano as if her right hand had never met her left. And she has a musical imagination that just won't go. She is fine jazz and great fun—even when she sings (Chiaroscuro Records, 830 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003, CR (D) 318). □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Sister Aimee: The Life of Aimee Semple McPherson, by Daniel Mark Epstein (Harcourt, Brace, 475 pp., $27.95)

AIMEE Semple McPherson, the evangelist, healer, and prophetess who won international fame in the years between the First and Second World Wars, was viewed by the media of her day as, variously: a shameless though charismatic fraud; a naïve but well-meaning popularizer; a genuine vessel of the Holy Spirit. In this sympathetic biography, Daniel Mark Epstein dismisses the first alternative but hedges, perhaps inevitably, between the second and third. Any secular treatment of a subject who claims divine inspiration must sooner or later confront The Question: did God actually speak to her? Epstein's hedge is that Sister Aimee *believed He did*—and it is the psychic power drawn from this unwavering belief, according to Epstein, that might account for the apparent miracles credited to her. It is a clever but unsatisfying sidestep: something akin to mass hypnosis might explain induced glossolalia or remission of certain physical ailments, but Epstein reports instances of mending fractures and disappearing skin lesions. His recreations of these events are vivid but too self-consciously agnostic; the disclaimers begin to grate. On the whole, however, the book is a lively read. That it is neither hagiography nor exposé is its strength as well as its weakness. Sister Aimee emerges as an unlikely yet compelling heroine.

—MARK GOLDBLATT



Architecture and Ideology in Eastern Europe during the Stalin Era: An Aspect of Cold War History, by Anders Aman (MIT, 285 pp., $35)

THE Iron Curtain, Professor Aman reminds us, was an architectural metaphor, and Stalin the Ozymandias of its design. Today, with the victory monuments stripped of their tanks, and statues of the Great Leader everywhere disassembled, what mostly remain are the grand civic projects of socialism's failed international style. Aman does an admirable job of tracing the style's evolution through postwar Eastern Europe's reconstruction—the new cities and steelworks, the dwellings and "houses of culture." Classicism and Modernism (the Latin and Esperanto of architecture, in Aman's memorable phrase) were more and then less esteemed by the theorists of socialist realism, who rebuilt their countries rapidly and always with an eye to the changing winds in Moscow. This is a thorough if dry work, of greatest interest to specialists, but the general reader will nevertheless be absorbed by the many illustrations of monuments no longer extant and buildings under new management. My favorite: A Bulgarian hotel whose sign once read, "Proletarians in all countries, unite!" The sign is now simpler: "Sheraton Sofia."

—M. D. CARNEGIE

The Geography of Nowhere: The Rise and Decline of America's Man-Made Landscape, by James Howard Kunstler (Simon & Schuster, 304 pp., $23)

"IT WAS a sweet view," wrote Jane Austen in *Emma*, "sweet to the eye and the mind." But just as the poised and decorous action of Jane Austen's novels owed much to the architectonic grace of their settings, so the increasingly bleak, soulless, and monotonous landscape of modern America is mirrored in such grim tales of "urban reality" as the recent movie *Falling Down*. The atrophying of America's man-made landscape is the central concern of this book. Despite the tepid prose style of James Howard Kunstler and the irritating absence of an index, one turns the pages in a state of appalled fascination. Sprawling freeways, monstrous shopping malls, towering corporate fortresses, high-tech elevated streetcars, glaring neon billboards, K-Mart ubiquity, inner-city dereliction—as Lancelot "Capability" Brown, the eighteenth-century architect of the picturesque landscape, would have concluded, there is "great capability of improvement here."

—MICHAEL ROMAIN

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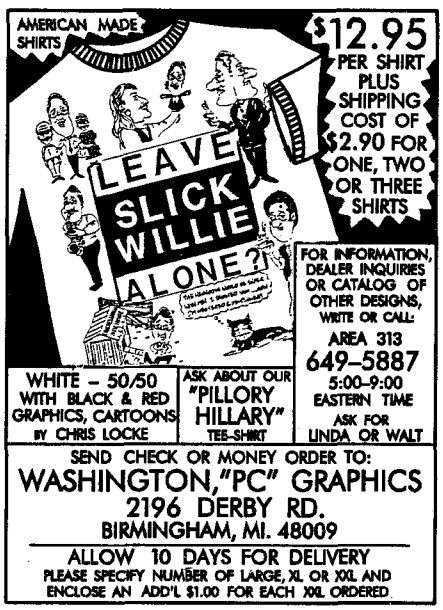
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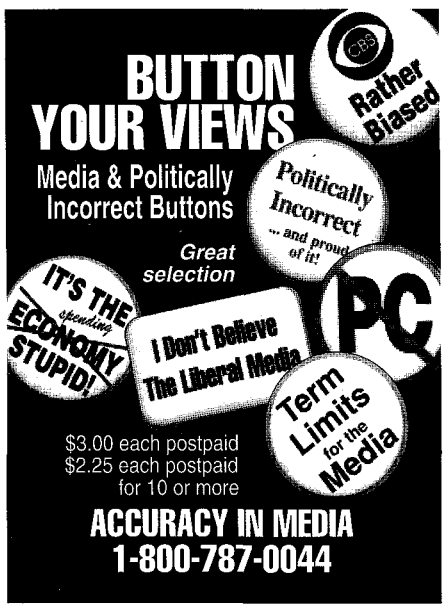

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 4)

ancient beliefs. Mr. Codevilla's review is at best obsolete.

Wallace Kaufman
Pittsboro, N.C.

Mr. Kaufman gives no examples of "other misleading information." Regarding dioxin, he technobabbles. No one contends that dioxin is a reasonable substitute for wheat flour, or that it ought to be the main ingredient in toothpaste. The controversy over dioxin was whether or not it causes cancer. There is no evidence that people exposed to it have had cancer at rates higher than similar non-exposed people. Mr. Kaufman's suggestion that just because something has not caused cancer up to now does not mean that it won't later, while logically unexceptionable, is a license for bureaucratic arbitrariness. By the way, if the latency period "for dioxin-like chemicals" is "about twenty years," what about the fact that there is no epidemiological basis for attributing cancer to the Agent Orange defoliant used in the Vietnam War? I read in the New York Times *that it took place over twenty years ago.* —AMC

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The Wennberg Insight

NEW YORK, APRIL 19

As the country, with bated breath, awaits the word from Mount Hillary, the attention is drawn to medical insights, and the keenest detected from this lookout is that of Dr. John Wennberg. As so often happens in science, a tiny anomaly catapulted him into what seems most fearfully obvious, on reflection; but nobody had got around to noticing it.

What Dr. Wennberg and an associate stumbled upon was that in Morrisville, Vermont, 65 per cent of children routinely had their tonsils removed; in Middlebury, Vermont, 7 per cent of children had their tonsils removed.

You begin to wonder what is going on. One possibility is that the doctors in Middlebury aren't very good about treating children. Another is that the doctors in Morrisville are throat-fetishists who sate themselves on children's tonsils. The orderly thing to do, obviously, is to inspect the population of the two towns and ascertain whether there is a marked difference in the health of young adults. Well, there isn't.

You are driven to explore yet another possibility, namely that the doctors in Morrisville are exploiters of ignorant parents. With extreme caution you probe that possibility, and discover that the suspicion is ridiculous: the doctors in Morrisville are true-blue. What you are left with is a difference in medical culture in two towns less than a couple of hours' driving distance apart. You then ask yourself, How is it possible that the medical community of Middlebury has failed to communicate to the medical community of Morrisville that it is perfectly safe to reduce the number of tonsillectomies by about 90 cent?

The scales fall from the eyes, and Dr. Wennberg, Professor of Epidemiology at the Dartmouth Medical School, realizes that there is a sociology of medicine which is of enormous practical importance; hence his founding of the Center for the Evaluative Clinical Sciences. A study of those optional medical procedures which should be the objects of more critical scrutiny, both by doctors and by patients, could theoretically result in a saving of one-third or more of all health-care expenditures.

Dr. Wennberg's Center is engaged now in the production of videotapes. It is only a beginning, but already one tape is available to men who have to decide whether to have a prostatectomy. "If given the choice," Dr. Wennberg tells you, "men like to make the decision whether to submit to surgery or whether not to do so. In the case of a prostatectomy, they need to weigh the 'offset.' A percentage of those who have the operation, although very small, will suffer incontinence; a few, impotence. Probably the operation means the loss of one month of a man's life. On the other hand, a very large percentage of those who have the operation experience the great relief of better urine control."

Now the videotape tells the patient all of this. Four out of five men prefer themselves to make the decision whether to proceed with an operation, but they wish to be informed. If exposure to the videotape causes one or one hundred or one hundred thousand men not to have an operation they would otherwise meekly submit to, then that much money, that many resources, are unspent, available for other purposes.

Dr. Wennberg uses a nice metaphor. The doctor is standing alongside a conveyor belt carrying balls of three colors, black, white, and grey. The black balls need hospital treatment—about them there is no ambiguity. They represent patients who have had a stroke, or a heart attack, or have been shot and wounded. The white balls definitely do not need hospital care: they have a common cold or poison ivy. The problematic one is the grey ball. Some doctors would send this patient to the hospital, others would prescribe medicine to take home.

It is the purpose of the Wennberg Center to enlighten the judgment of those who decide. And it is critical to the understanding of his insight that the judgment is not exclusively medical.

It is not an exaggeration to call the "outcomes movement" what Dr. Arnold Relman, then editor-in-chief of *The New England Journal of Medicine*, has termed it: the Third Revolution in health care—the dawn of a new "era of accountability" in medicine. □

Clinton's Headache

NEW YORK, APRIL 14

The success of the Republican filibuster raises engrossing questions on the subject of democratic theory and practice. We have a minority party which through the exercise of the filibuster, in a chamber in which there are gross disparities in representation (Rhode Island, population one million, has two senators; California, population thirty million, has two senators), holds up one part of the budget which Mr. Clinton classifies as "critical." This is the $19-billion job-making transfusion, designed to electrify our languid economic torso.

Many commentators are denouncing the move of the Republican senators. Illustrative of this is the *St. Louis Post–Dispatch*. "The GOP minority motives are purely partisan. Their actions smack of indifference to the poor and to those economic needs the free market hasn't addressed. Their behavior represents a good lesson in why they lost the last presidential election." And then Mary McGrory, the syndicated columnist, favors specifically those parts of the $19-billion designated for swimming pools and such. "If compassion and understanding can't persuade parsimonious Republicans, maybe self-preservation will. Capitol Hill is a dangerous area. Before we throw in the towel, let's try swimming pools, summer jobs, and massive tutoring—things that tell young people they matter."

Meanwhile, two Democrats critically situated, Pat Moynihan of the Senate Finance Committee, and Dan Rostenkowski of the House Ways and Means Committee, have casually noted their objection to the proposed investment tax credit. Senator Moynihan observed that the abolition of this credit in 1986 was part of a thoughtful package which included a reduction in the corporate income tax which Mr. Clinton now wants to jack back up.

So that right in the Administration's backyard there are officials who cast polite doubt on the tinkertoy economics that so seize the President. But meanwhile, what is the great public, which Mr. Clinton is pledged to serve, saying? There is no recent poll on the $19-billion measure, but there is a general poll,

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published in *USA Today*, on the matter of taxation. Two per cent of the American people believe we are undertaxed. Fifty-two per cent believe we are overtaxed. Forty-one per cent think the present level of taxation is about right.

Inasmuch as the $19-billion investment is designed to be paid for not by a reduction in expenses elsewhere, but by a rise in corporate and personal taxation, then we are entitled to wonder just who are the obstructionists in the current situation, the Democratic senators who are going along with Mr. Clinton, or the Republican senators who are exercising their parliamentary powers to block the legislation? How does the *St. Louis Post–Dispatch* editorial writer contemplate the conundrum—2 per cent of the American people who approve the idea of greater taxation, which taxation would be required if the President's bill got through the Congress?

That question is not so easily handled as by saying that our government is not run by plebiscitary mechanisms, that the "leader" must often move ahead of public opinion, which in due course will catch up with him, as public opinion eventually caught up with Abraham Lincoln on racial reconciliation, and with FDR on intervention against the Axis powers. Well yes: but we are talking today about 2 per cent of the American people who want more taxation, and a Congress prepared to go with a President who wants more taxation now. The only argument used by Mr. Clinton—and it is not properly an argument, it is an incantation—is that taxes are not "fair." He has never, within this earshot, informed his followers that right now, 1 per cent of the American people are paying 27 per cent of federal taxes.

Can the Republicans, under the circumstances, be seriously faulted for siding with the 98 per cent, half of whom want taxes cut; the other half of whom don't want them raised? Mr. Clinton will need to rely on Mickey Mouse parliamentary exercises, because he does not have a case he can convincingly take to the people. □

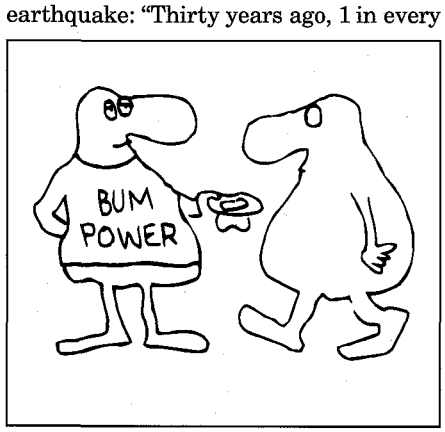
Senator Moynihan On How To Cope

NEW YORK, APRIL 9

Daniel Patrick Moynihan, easily the most original thinker in the Senate, and its only stylist, has published a brief essay in *The American Scholar* which he calls, "Defining Deviancy Down." What it tells us is that societies handle the growth of deviant behavior by redefining it. If every other person began to stutter, to stutter would cease to be thought abnormal. The crime rate is such that we can no longer experience the shock it ought to bring. Moynihan quotes an arresting figure of speech, written to him by the same judge (Edwin Torres of the New York State Supreme Court) who had spoken from the bench on how "the slaughter of the innocents marches unabated: subway riders, bodega owners, cab drivers, babies; in laundromats, at cash machines, on elevators, in hallways." In his letter, the judge spoke of "This numbness, this near narcoleptic state [that] can diminish the human condition to the level of combat infantrymen, who, in protracted campaigns, can eat their battlefield rations seated on the bodies of the fallen, friend and foe alike. A society that loses its sense of outrage is doomed to extinction."

Moynihan sets out to explore a proposition of the sociologist Emile Durkheim, writing a hundred years ago. What Durkheim said was that "deviancy" doesn't really fluctuate. There is always a criminal, deviant minority, and it is always about the same size.

But of course the only way to validate the Durkheim rule is to change the terminology of deviancy. This is done, Moynihan tells us, in various ways. The first is altruistic: you cut down the number of mental patients by coming up with tranquillizers that let them lead normal lives, and by becoming more tolerant of harmless abnormality in behavior. Or, you become "opportunistic"—and redefine deviant behavior in such a way as to give the impression that what was thought to be awry is now straight. "In the years from 1963 to 1965, the Policy Planning Staff of the U.S. Department of Labor picked up the first tremors of the earthquake that shuddered through the American family in the past twenty years. The *New York Times* recently provided a succinct accounting of that earthquake: "Thirty years ago, 1 in every 40 white children was born to an unmarried mother; today it is 1 in 5, according to federal data. Among blacks, 2 of 3 children are born to an unmarried mother; thirty years ago, the figure was 1 in 5.' "



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What is not handled, in the course of "opportunistic" management of the data, is their concrete meaning. Mr. Moynihan points out that we have got used to about fifty thousand casualties a year from automobile driving. There is an offset here: cars do serve a purpose. But there is no offset to homicide. And there is no dodging the correlations that continue to brand the single-parent home as the generator of crime and poverty and drug addiction and ignorance. Mr. Moynihan at one point amused himself by playing around with correlations. "I published an article showing that the correlation between eighth-grade math scores and distance of state capitals from the Canadian border was .522, a respectable showing. By contrast, the correlation with per pupil expenditure was a derisory .203. I offered the policy proposal that states wishing to improve their schools should move closer to Canada."

But the lengths to which some will go to "normalize" rather than to cope with is illustrated with creepy exactitude by a woman scholar (I shield her name) who handles the question of marriage in this way:

"The life course is full of exciting options. The lifestyle options available to individuals seeking a fulfilling personal relationship include living a heterosexual, homosexual, or bisexual single lifestyle; living in a commune; having a group marriage; being a single parent; or living together. Marriage is yet another lifestyle choice. However, before choosing marriage, individuals should weigh its costs and benefits against other lifestyle options and should consider what they want to get out of their intimate relationships. Though marriage can offer a rewarding path to personal growth, it is important to remember that it cannot provide a secure or permanent status. Many people will make the decision between marriage and singlehood many times throughout their life. Divorce represents part of the normal family life cycle. It should not be viewed as either deviant or tragic, as it has been in the past. Rather, it establishes a process for 'uncoupling' and thereby serves as the foundation for individual renewal and 'new beginnings.' "

Mr. Moynihan's treatment of the normalization of deviancy is nothing less than a cry from the heart. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney

1 T	2 H	3 C	■	4 G	5 E	6 M	7 B	8 J	9 Q	10 D	■	11 P	12 R	13 A	14 B	15 I	16 U	17 C	18 S
19 T	20 Q	21 G	22 E	23 L	24 M	■	25 D	26 A	27 H	■	28 K	29 N	30 S	31 J	■	32 C	33 T	34 B	35 E
36 G	37 O	38 P	39 R	40 F	■	41 N	42 I	43 K	44 Q	45 O	46 T	47 M	48 A	49 F	■	50 R	51 C	52 B	53 H
54 S	■	55 J	56 Q	57 D	■	58 G	59 F	60 T	61 B	62 M	63 E	■	64 A	65 C	66 S	67 K	68 D	69 N	■
70 O	71 I	72 P	73 U	74 K	■	75 B	76 H	77 R	78 N	79 F	■	80 Q	81 I	82 O	83 T	84 C	85 J	86 P	87 G
88 A	89 E	90 F	■	91 R	92 U	93 D	94 O	95 K	96 I	97 J	■	98 S	99 L	100A	101J	102P	103C	104N	105K
■	106Q	107S	108E	109G	■	110R	111T	112H	113E	114C	■	115M	116I	117N	118R	■	119K	120B	121D
122U	123I	124Q	125T	■	126Q	127N	128U	■	129G	130D	131S	132J	133M	■	134O	135T	136G	137H	138P
■	139B	140F	141G	142M	143N	144J	145H	146S	147A	148D	149C	150T	151K	152R		153N	154L	155O	156B
157F	158C	159D	■	160F	161P	162I	163K	164J	165B	166M	167A	■	168N	169H	170S	171L	172F	■	■

DEFINITIONS

A. Prevailing — 48 100 13 88 147 26 167 64

B. Hint — 156 34 139 14 165 120 75 61 52 7

C. Expectant field of medicine? — 65 51 158 149 3 114 84 103 32 17

D. Polaris (2 words) — 10 130 121 93 25 57 159 148 68

E. Negate — 89 113 108 5 22 35 63

F. Hard to anger (2 words) — 79 160 172 49 90 59 140 157 40

G. 18-wheeler's oasis (2 words) — 87 129 36 4 109 141 21 136 58

H. Funny — 2 137 145 112 76 169 53 27

I. Office staple — 162 15 42 123 81 71 116 96

J. Famed Hollywood canine — 132 144 85 101 55 97 8 164 31

K. What the U.S. did to Haiti — 95 119 28 67 163 105 151 43 74

L. Less than great — 154 99 23 171

M. Event — 115 142 62 166 133 6 47 24

N. Placed in harm's way — 41 127 78 153 104 168 117 143 29 69

O. Maritime freeloader — 37 82 9 94 134 70 155 45

P. Language of western India — 161 86 72 11 138 102 38

Q. Alliterative drum sound — 44 126 56 80 106 20 124

R. Old West neckwear — 91 110 152 12 50 118 39 77

S. Cedar Falls institution (2 words) — 146 170 66 107 98 54 131 18 30

T. Protection from certain seafood (2 words) — 60 33 135 125 1 83 19 111 150 46

U. Supported Ike? — 73 16 122 92 128

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to April 26 Trans-O-Gram. [K]EVIN COWHERD: NBC—*True or False*: "NBC News apologized for a recent *Dateline NBC* report on the Abominable Snowman, admitting that it had used a husky stage technician dressed in a furry costume for its dramatic footage of the fabled yeti."

For Vol. II of the puzzle collection, send $5.95 (plus $1 S&H) to: T-Gram Plus, 3279 Lake Powell, Williamsburg, Virginia 23185.

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Italics in Amber

I WATCHED Helen Gurley Brown on television the other night. If that sentence sounds oddly like "I said goodbye to Mr. Chips the night before he died," it's because I wrote for *Cosmopolitan* two decades ago.

Helen was plugging her new book, *The Late Show: A Semiwild but Practical Survival Plan for Women over Fifty*, a vade-mecum on how to canoodle without a libido and why you should never, never stop doing it even though you no longer want to. "If you're not having sex you're finished," she claims. "It separates the girls from the old people." As for whom to do it with, she recommends borrowing the husbands of your aging girlfriends, and if you can't afford a facelift, she advises that Preparation H hides wrinkles temporarily. One way or another, she always manages to turn American womanhood upside down.

At 71, her surgically lifted face is stretched so tight that she can't fully open her mouth, the better to speak in a whispery, girlish voice. Thin to the point of emaciation (her favorite accolade is "skinny," which even her editors tried to get her to stop using), she wore a miniskirt that exposed pitiful toothpick legs and a low neckline that revealed knobby collarbones and crêpy flesh despite the massive doses of estrogen she takes, and promotes in her new book.

I first came to Helen's attention via my 1974 *Harper's* article "The Good Ole Boy." She bought the reprint rights and asked me to write original pieces for *Cosmo*. Thus began two years before the masthead that I will never forget.

I will say this for *Cosmo*. They pay with the speed of sound, and they know exactly what they want. Other women's mags call up and say, "We want something . . . not too short, not too long, on . . . oh, you know . . . sex." *Cosmo* calls up and says, "We want 1,200 words on 'Your First Night with a New Man,'" and sends you a tip sheet containing the free-associative thoughts of the entire editorial staff from Helen on down. They not only write to the writer, but back and forth to each other as well, so what you get is slice-of-*Cosmo*.

I saved these tip sheets for what I grandly call my literary papers. The one for "Your First Night with a New Man" says:

"It will really be a *splendid* article if we have any luck—*all* girls start new affairs *all* the time and sexual etiquette (or better known as getting used to the new guy) is always a little harrowing."

"Might include ploys for getting out fast if you realize he is A Mistake, ways to politely introduce *your* favorite fetish, or politely decline *his*."

"Suppose he's a *masochist???* You can't *hit* him, that's like drowning a fish."

In my first draft I ran into the eternal toothbrush question. We had several phone calls about this. If you keep new toothbrushes on hand, he'll think you're the kind of girl who keeps new toothbrushes on hand. On the other hand, if you don't have an extra one, he can't brush his teeth. Note on next tip sheet: "Can't he use finger? Think we covered this in 'How to Behave the Next Morning.'"

For a while I was *Cosmo*'s golden girl, turning out one written-to-order piece after another, but then something happened. God knows how to punish people who contribute to the corruption of a generation of women. For a writer, the tortures of the damned can be defined as having to write the kind of material you don't enjoy reading. I started drinking, and the tip sheets reflected it.

"Well now! Florence's anything is better than most anybody else's and this is no exception, but we must try to make it work. I'm just saying since Florence is *not* a shallow, pippypoo, over-simplified writer let's don't destroy something that's a little more warpy and woofy than we get from most writers." (That's HGB.)

"It just seems a *tiny* bit less succinct and cohesive than her other pieces . . . a little more *spready*."

"Think it needs something more foxy and 1975ish."

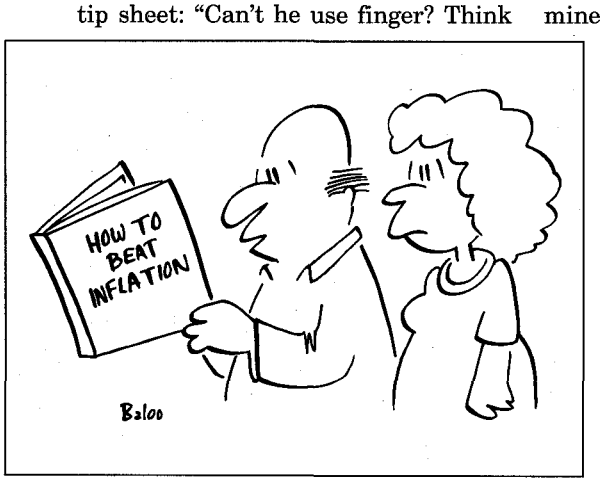
Not bloody likely: I was brooding over the mass canoodling I was helping to promote. A few hussies add spice to society's soup, provided they are rich in their own right, like George Sand, or well kept, like Lillie Langtry, but too many hussies bring the house down. Female chastity (or at least the pretense of it) keeps us civilized, but *Cosmo* had aroused in men the ancient dread of the insatiable female. I decided rapists were saying, in effect: "Here's some sex you *won't* enjoy."

MY CRISIS peaked with "The Sexual You: Why and When Women Want Sex," whose tip sheet said: "How can one determine at 50 what her physical needs will be at 80? No, you don't necessarily slow *down*, you may get *activer*."

Somewhere in my martini-soaked brain a tip sheet of my own took shape: "No! The belle *must* turn into the chaperone or else life is *flux* and nothing *makes sense*." Then I quit.

After Helen, the deluge. *Cosmo* will fade away because no one else can *be* the magazine, and she has become a curiosity. But she was kind to me, and we did have our moments, and so I say goodbye, Mr. Chips.

—FLORENCE KING



"It says, 'Spend all your money, then borrow some more.'"

Miss King's latest book is With Charity Toward None.

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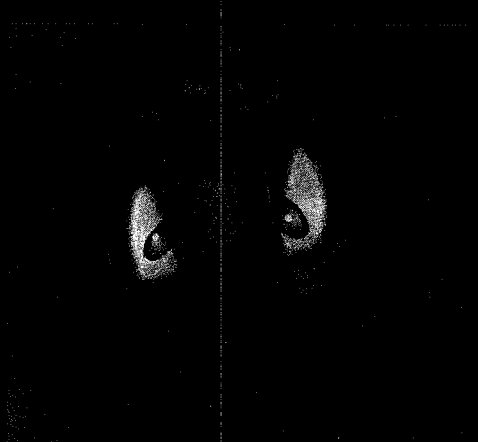
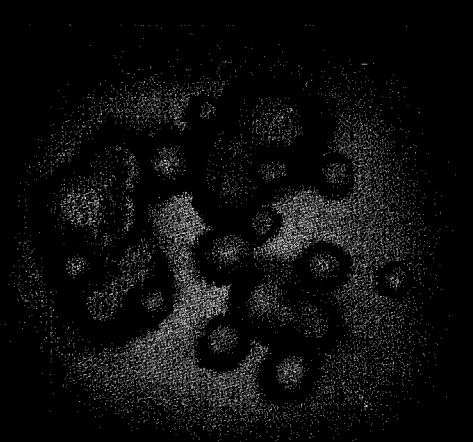
The Big Bad Wolf

The Wicked Witch



The Thing Under the Bed



The Measles

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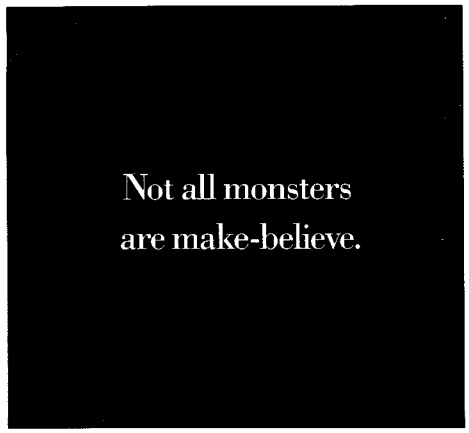

Measles is a very *real* threat to your child. Complications can lead to blindness or even brain damage. But measles can be prevented. That's why we're giving millions of dollars through 1996 to educate and encourage parents to vaccinate their kids. Preventive care is included in many Aetna Health Plans programs. After all, prevention is the best form of health care. For our brochure, "A Parent's Guide to Childhood Vaccinations," call 1-800-AETNA-HC.

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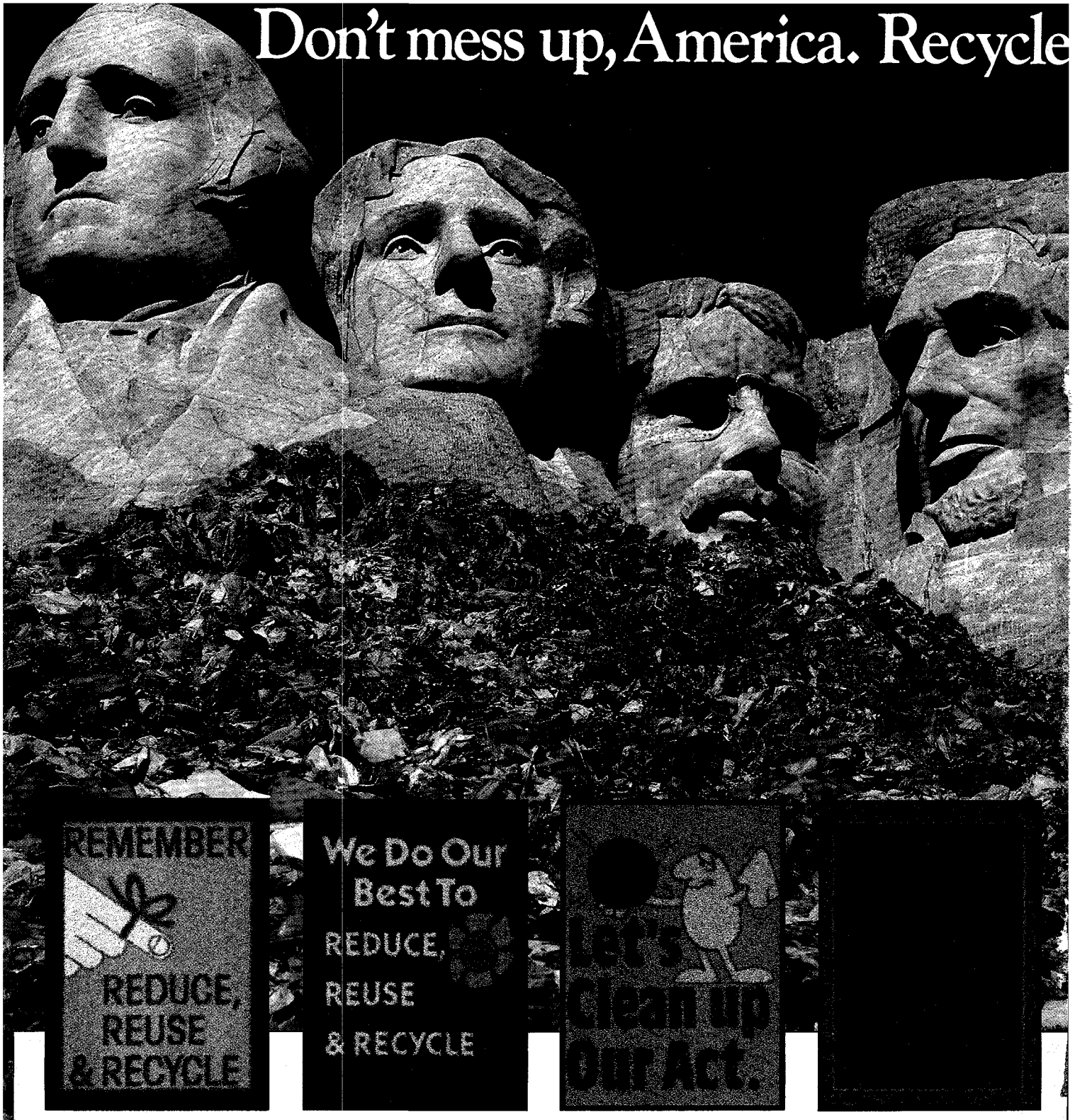
Don't mess up, America. Recycle



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